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"Bringing Our Sheaves With Us."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The time for toil has past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest even;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Laden with golden sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest—and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
In all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late.
And these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—
Dead brambles, and dry stalks, and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

But passing where some radiant flowers grew,
Drowsy with humming bees—those flattering thieves—
I braided garlands, crimson, white and blue—
Lo, how their drooping grace and gorgeous hue
Make beautiful my sheaves!

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility—
Therefore must fragrancey and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather faith and hope anew,
Since well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few
Thou wilt accept my sheaves!

Portland Transcript.

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND;

OR,

THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

CHAPTER IV.

HUGH CONISTON.

A short time after Philip's accident, a letter arrived for the master of Coniston Hall, which created no little sensation in his family, though it was from one whose name and existence, were scarcely known to any but Sir Ralph—Hugh Coniston, Esq., the younger brother of the old, and the only surviving uncle of the present Baronet, and who more than a quarter of a century back had gone out to India on a commercial venture, thereby losing caste irretrievably with his proud kinsfolk, the world said, forgetting that there is no crime against old blood and immemorial family honor which guineas and rupees cannot retrieve. However, there was a most unpleasant family scene—a breach, a "blow-up," and poor Hugh, who was resolute to obstinacy, swung quite clear of home and country together. The natural ties of brotherhood seemed to have dropped asunder at the touch of trade. The merchant apparently bore it all with the utmost philosophy. He never sought to establish any, even the most formal correspondence with his brother, or his brother's successor, and it is hardly necessary to say that no proposition for the interchange of over sea courtesies and affectionate sentiments was ever pressed upon him by them. He established himself at Calcutta; and gradually died to European life and interests. No tidings of his advancing commercial career and fortunes ever came to rouse the dull ears of his kindred. He had been called, even in his youth, an eccentric man, melancholy, or misanthropic, but there were a few better family traditions of him, which had come down to young Philip, at least, which gave one a more admirable and loveable idea of his character.

Philip's father had been a favorite with his uncle—with him alone the exile maintained a correspondence, irregular, but affectionate and frank. On his part, the young soldier confided in him far more than he ever confided in his stern and unsympathetic father, and arrogant elder brother. He advised with him on his choice of a profession, but on a more important matter, the choice of a wife, he asked not even his counsel. After the great step was taken, he wrote in a cool, cavalier style, not by any means characteristic of him, informing his uncle that he had taken for his wife "a village maid," beautiful and good—a woman of heart and brain, but quite portionless and beneath the rank in which he had been expected to mate. By this act, which no human power, or event, not misfortune, alienation, sorrow, beggary, could ever cause him to regret, he had shocked and estranged his family—they refused to see, or recognize his wife, and without the blessing of his old father, who said—God forgive him! "I am glad your mother is not alive this day!"—without a word of paternal farewell from his elder brother, with only a stolen interview with his sister, he was about to leave for the new world—his regiment having been ordered to Canada.

Months went by, bringing no response to this proud and somewhat bitter letter, and Captain Coniston reluctantly concluded that his brave and sensible Uncle Hugh, the simple-hearted Indian merchant, was either jealous of his affection, or resented his independence, and his so called, *mesalliance*. So the poor fellow said, with a sigh—"I must let him go, too. He is like the rest, after all."

Once he was strongly moved to write to his uncle. It was when his little son Philip was born to him—but he thought of the fate of his last letter, and stayed his hand, even after it had touched the paper. Alas for the jealous pride, the faithless scruple that refused to give the old far-away friend the benefit of a doubt—that trusted fickle winds and treacherous seas more than the tried heart, also proud and distrustful, that wondered and waited and despondED. That letter had never reached India. It had gone down, with thousands of others, for which hungry hearts waited in vain—gone down with the good ship and its goodly freightage of souls. Through terrible heights and depths of ocean that stout ship toiled and battled and beat her heavy way—stormed upon by a tropical deluge, a fierce, descending sea—harried by mad, persistent tempests, dismantled, rent and bruised,—but she gave up the fight at last—reeled blind and helpless among the howling and buffeting waves, for a time—then plunged down into strange depths of briny dark, as though in search of the eternal quiet there.

But to return to the Indian merchant. The sudden discontinuance of his nephew's letters, frank and cheery missives, fragrant with the air of home, was no light grief and disappointment to him, a reserved and lonely man, secretly sorrowing over a great loss, which saddened all life for him. He had loved Philip, the boy, he loved Philip, the man, no less; and the belief that he had been forgotten by, or become indifferent to, the gay young soldier, gave him poignant, though unconfessed pain. Thenceforward his days, which had never passed lightly since they dated from a burial, when there should have been a bridal, wore on more wearily than ever. But no one would have guessed it. To all outward appearance, Hugh Coniston was a man of commerce and trade merely—staunch and honorable always, but long-headed, clever and enterprising—the thorough master of his calling. He had no slavish love of money—he seemed to have enslaved the genii of gain—to be coining the very sunshine of his adopted country into gold—fortune came to him in such unheard-of, marvellous ways—flowed back to him from such wild uncounselled ventures.

At length, after nearly thirty years of toil and exile, irresistible longings visited his heart, if not for the family home, on which he had no claim—if not for the kindred who had tacitly disowned him, for dear old England—for its quiet *Christian* beauty, its civilization and refinement, its freedom and repose, its compactness and fixedness. He panted for the cool shade of her parks, the breeziness of open downs, the delicious coolness of hills and lakesides;—he even sometimes longed for the friendly veil of insular fogs, as the intense heat of Indian suns grew more and more insupportable to him.

He returned to England—a nabob, passing rich in rupees, but wretchedly poor in the priceless patrimony of nature—health; a bilious, choleric, crotchety old man, broken before his time in his vital energies, but with his intellect undimmed, and his will, naturally strong, and strengthened by habits of authority over a host of deferential employés and native dependents, yet unweakened.

Mr. Coniston stopped for a few weeks in London, to consult with his lawyers in the winding up of his foreign business relations, and the severing of the last commercial ties which bound him to India; and also to take the most eminent medical advice in regard to that troublesome ill which nabob flesh is especially heir to—a liver disordered, diseased, riddled by heavy charges of uncompromising English living, and the steady fire of fierce Indian suns.

Dr. Abbeville was at that time, the fashionable physician of London. His eccentricities were accepted as the mark and moral of the man. Lords and ladies who in health had been mad alone to delicate flattery and worshipful deference, in sickness had been soothed by the tender condolence, the suave and deprecating counsel of their medical advisers, responded meekly to his rough questioning, and took his rudeness with his other remedies, as a healthful tonic.

My Lady sometimes shrank from the unceremonious grasp of his cool, professional fingers, intent upon pulse-feeling—nothing more—so unlike the dainty touch of the soft hands of model medical men, that aforetime fluttered down upon the snowy wrist in whose azure veins beat languidly the blood of the Howards. My Lord sometimes drew himself up to a solemn height of alarmed dignity, and was icily impertinent—the hypochondriacal old Duchess wept and stormed—the gouty old Admiral swore—but in spite of his bearishness and because of his great abilities—or perhaps because of his bearishness, and in spite of his great abilities, Abbeville was the fashion, the Doctor Johnson of medicine.

To him went Mr. Hugh Coniston, on behalf of his suffering liver. He received first a stunning lecture on his abuse of that organ, and next a prescription of a most unlooked-for character. He was not to be dieted, drugged, bled, or blistered—sent to Margate, or to Bath. He was only to take exercise. But it must be exercise of a certain character, duly and strictly prescribed. Daily, for two hours in the morning, in all seasons, in all weather, regularly, without a day's interruption, he was to drive *four in hand* in an open barouche! "Do this, sir, said the Doctor, as he rose to take leave, "and you may even now create for yourself a new liver, under the ribs of death—not so good as the one you have used up in your villainous way of living, but one which will serve your time and purpose. But mind, if in your high wisdom, you conclude that four-in-hand is too much for you, and drop down to two—or if you see fit to employ a Jehu—that is, take your medicine by proxy—or if you over-do the matter, in time, or turn out, the consequences be on your own head, or rather liver! I pass you over to Nature, sir, and—" "Horse-flesh," added his patient, laughing. "Yes, horse-flesh. I have great faith in horses, sir. Arabs, Tartars and Camanches are never troubled with liver-complaints, with consumption, or dyspepsia. God made the horse for the companion, the best friend of the human animal. In my opinion the fall of man was a fall from horseback. You smile, sir, yet the idea of the half humanity and divinity of horse-flesh is not new—it gave rise to the old myths of the Centaur, of Castor and Pollux, of Apollo and Pegasus. As the race has been divorced from the horse, it has degenerated physically, the world over. This is my philosophy, sir—hence my equine prescription."

An odd enough prescription it was, for a valitudinarian of three-score, and looking fully up to man's appointed time. But it caught the fancy of Hugh Coniston—it was something new and rousing, and losing sight of the inconvenience and eccentricity of the proposed treatment, he heartily thanked his quizzical adviser, as he placed a double fee in his hand. The truth is, he was childishly glad to be delivered from the dread of a more "heroic" style of treatment—the dosing and drenching and bloodletting he had deemed inevitable, and he hastened his departure from London, that he might carry out faithfully and punctually directions so clear and sensible.

Though grown a stranger to his country and his kin, the nabob had a home in England. Sometime before his return, he had purchased, through his English agent, a noble estate near Keswick, on Lake Derwentwater. It was not alone the picturesque and poetic fame of the lake-country, the English Arcadia, which drew him thither. He had peculiar personal and very dear associations connected with Keswick. Here he spent some golden years of his early manhood. Here he made his first acquaintance with the classics, not within the dull walls of a school, or under the harsh rule of a pedagogue, but within the rose-embowered rectory, and from the teachings of the learned Rector, a kindly old man, with "one fair daughter." The young man's college vacations were oftener spent here than at Coniston Hall—for there he was only the younger brother—motherless, sisterless, almost penniless; here, he was the honored and beloved guest—the adopted son, the more than brother.

Once again he came to the rose-embowered rectory—only once. It was after the college-life was over, and before the life of trade had begun.

No shy, sweet smile welcomed him at the porch—there was a strange stillness about the house—the look of the old servant who answered his knock, struck death into his heart. Then came darkness, then a vague sense of infinite loss and a consciousness of that dreadful silence being broken at last by more dreadful words, and the sobs of a white-haired old man.

"Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed,
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink."

From this day that fair broken promise of love, that beautiful, brief dream of joy, was to the constant, manly soul of the lover more than the fulness of another's perfected hopes—more than all realities of life—and that lovely lake-side town became for him a thrice dear and sacred place, because of a grave in the old church-yard, to which his heart came back on a thousand secret pilgrimages, over the waters and wastes and mountains of half the globe—a grave, lowly, grassy and daisy-dotted, yet for him, shadowing his native isle from sea to sea.

So Hugh Coniston came to Keswick to spend his last days, where he had known the only two human experiences worth living for—love and sorrow.

For two or three years he occupied himself very much to his satisfaction in alterations, additions and innumerable improvements on the fine, but somewhat decayed old mansion and the neglected lands, of which he had become the possessor. He expended large sums of money so liberally, yet so judiciously—his plans for improvement and adornment being marked by refined taste and good sense, that the attention of the neighboring gentry and of the sight-seeking lake-tourists were drawn to him and his work. "He must be a gentleman, who builds thus chastely—who plans thus artistically—who buys such pictures and statues," they said. So they, the neighboring gentry, visited him, after, Duke had led the way—and the tourists wrote about him, and sketched all over his domain, and at last, views of "Wytham Court, near Keswick, the seat of Hugh Coniston, Esq., late of Calcutta," became common in the print-shops and illustrated journals.

It was thus that information of the existence, the whereabouts, the character and wealth of his nabob relative at length reached Sir Ralph Coniston, Bart, and "stirred up his pure mind, by way of remembrance." After carefully weighing, as was his wont, the pros and cons of the matter—after making the closest inquiry as to the present social standing of the merchant, after finding himself sheltered by the broad Ægis of Ducal precedent, he was actually meditating a letter to his uncle, an august welcome to his native shores, and a gracious invitation to Coniston Hall, when lo, there came a letter from the nabob himself—a kindly, hearty, though somewhat sorrowful overture of affection and friendly intercourse.

Hugh Coniston had grown lonely and discontented; for the first time in his busy, if not happy life, he suffered from the vague oppression, the ceaseless, refined torture, of that polite demon of weariness and disappointment, *ennui*. He had done with building and planting. Nothing now that he could see, remained to be done for the improvement of his estates and the condition of his tenantry. His halls were illumined with pictures, peopled with statues, sentineled by knightly figures in costly armor; his conservatories and aviaries imprisoned the bloom and melody of the tropics; his library was packed with the wisdom, wit and fancy of the world; yet his heart, his great empty heart, was desolate and vaguely wretched. It brooded over tender memories, it yearned silently but passionately for kindly companionship, and finally turned from a desperate impulse of natural affection to kindred long estranged, by whom he had believed himself forgotten, if not despised.

Ah, our nabob had with all his gettings, got little worldly wisdom, or he would have known that there are few breaks of the most sacred family ties which the magic golden solder he possessed could not repair! It has healed great national breaches, which the rich blood of heroes and princes failed to cement. He should have known that there was little need of his so carefully and tenderly feeling his way toward reconcilement, and the establishment of friendly relations with his kindred, to whom he came with the great "open-sesame" of the world—gold. Yet I am not sure but that I like him the better for his not knowing all this. His pleasure was the greater certainly, in receiving an early and cordial response to his letter, and a pressing invitation to Coniston Hall, from his nephew, the Baronet. This invitation he accepted at once, according to his prompt and frank habit of action, and very soon after departed for Northumberland. That he might not lose his favorite, and, as he believed, indispensably necessary exercise, for a single day, he travelled by easy stages in his own carriage, the open barouche prescribed by Dr. Abbeville, driving four-in-hand, with a supernumerary coachman by his side, and his "own man" reclining at ease on the luxurious back seat,—the ideal of exalted and complacent flunkeyism.

His four-in-hand driving was almost the only condition of his English life which the nabob had not wearied of during the past three years. He had at first been somewhat annoyed by the attention which his turn-out excited—by the curious staring, the smiles and gestures of villagers and country people, and on the part of the juvenile population, the not unfrequent shouts and huzzas called forth by the unusual spectacle of a bronzed, grave and elderly Jehu, driving with an evidently unpracticed hand, four fiery bays—once every day, through every season, of heat or cold, storm or shine—no failure for the sake of business, or pleasure—positively no postponement on account of the weather—"tramp, tramp," along the dusty ways of mid summer—"splash, splash," through winter sleet and rain—dashing bravely through the blinding fogs of November, and the pitiless pelting of April rains.

But gradually as the odd apparition of the new squire, his chariot and smoking steeds ceased to be a novelty, and create a vulgar sensation, and as the driver gained skill and strength by practice, his daily hygienic devoir which at first he had submitted to as a daily penance, lightened to an agreeable pastime, and strengthened into a habit of life—an event looked forward to with singular interest and zest—became a hobby, in short. A marked improvement in his health since he came to Wytham Court, seemed to justify his faith in the singular prescription he had so religiously carried out. Taking his word for it, and who knew better? the doctor's prophecy had more than come true, a physiological miracle had been wrought, and a new liver created within him, sounder than the old. He had grown younger, too, in appearance, as well as in feeling; his hair had ceased falling out (when there was little to fall); his complexion, which, when he left India, shone with a metallic yellow tint, and on the voyage "suffered a sea-change" into a mottled brown, had grown clear and almost ruddy—even his eyes, soothed by the softened light of English skies, renewed their failing powers.

All this improvement Mr. Coniston ascribed to his daily charioteering, giving no credit whatever to the salutary effects of a total change of climate, scene and occupation.—As his leisure increased, his drives extended, till at last he often spent three or four hours of a morning upon the box. Thus it happened that he undertook the considerable journey from Keswick to Woolham, though in mid-winter, only as a lengthened drive, without misgiving, or sense of hardship, and therefore it happened that Sir Ralph Coniston having merely been informed that he might be looked for on a certain day, and supposing that he would without doubt, travel by the mail-coach, missed him by going to Woolham, and young Philip Coniston reclining alone in the library window, had the astonishment of first witnessing his arrival, and the honor of first receiving him.

The visitor entered, and strode up the room rather brusquely. He was chilled by the keen northern air, which had pierced even through his ample fur wraps, and yet more by the utter lack of the kindly welcome which should meet a kinsman, and of all show of that fine old baronial hospitality which should greet a stranger in an ancient hall like this. As his eye fell upon Philip, he drew near the window, evidently expecting the young man to rise and give him welcome. But to stand without assistance was as yet forbidden to Philip. Embarrassed by his position, he could only bow, and look round anxiously for some one to do the honors to the stranger. Mr. Hugh Coniston eyed him rather severely, and said, coldly—

"Sir Ralph's eldest son, and heir, I suppose. I pray your pardon, young gentleman, for interrupting your reading or study, and beg your permission to be seated in your presence, as I am somewhat tired."

Philip flushed to his temples, but replied, calmly—

"You mistake, sir, I am not the son of Sir Ralph Coniston—and I think you will hold me excused for sitting in your presence, when I tell you that I have a broken ankle which prevents me from rising. And now, may I pray you to be seated."

"I beg your pardon, my dear young friend, I sincerely beg your pardon!" exclaimed the nabob, looking really distressed, "I am a testy, unreasonable old man, rendered somewhat more savage than usual by the fatigue of journeying, cold, hunger and the very negative sort of a welcome I have met at this grand house. At the hall door I encountered only the frosty front of a pompous old porter, and on the landing the supercilious squint of a dandy footman, who actually had the effrontery, sir, to look at me through an eye-glass!"

"That must have been Harold's man," said Philip, smiling—"he is a 'Jeames' of the first water. But I think, sir, that you should not judge of the hospitality of Coniston Hall by the experience of this morning. Sir Ralph must have expected you by the coach, as he has driven over to Woolham. I am sure he will regret the *contre-temps*."

"Zounds! that's just like me, blazing out on the slightest occasion, or without any occasion at all, and doing people injustice. I ought to be made to ask my nephew's pardon, as I have asked yours. But the moods and pets of an old man are not of much account. I sometimes think that the heat of that infernal climate of India has got into my brain—I am as hot headed as a boy."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Philip, "that I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Coniston, of Calcutta?"

"To be sure—who else should it be? But no wonder you did not make out my name from the die away drawl of that dainty footman." Then drawing his chair near the window, the kindly old merchant continued—

"You say, my lad, that you are not the son of Sir Ralph, but you surely are a Coniston. You are wonderfully like one of the family whom I knew once—though not, I beg your pardon—quite as handsome a young fellow as he was at your age."

"I am the nephew of Sir Ralph, and therefore a Coniston—by name Philip Hugh Coniston," replied the lad, smiling.

"Philip!—why that is *his* name—my youngest nephew, the Captain's. It isn't possible that you can be *his* son? Why, he is a young man yet."

"Captain Coniston was my father. He is dead."

"Dead! Good God, how you shock me! Poor Phil, and he so brave, so fiery, so full of healthy, happy life when I saw him last. Ah, well, he knows now, perhaps, how well his old uncle loved him."

"He knew that while here," replied Philip, "and loved that uncle in return, dearly and faithfully. I have heard my mother say that to the day of his death he bitterly regretted your estrangement from him."

"My estrangement! I was never estranged from him. He dropped me, on his marriage, as happy young Benedicts are apt to drop their tiresome old bachelor friends on that occasion—in their great riches despising our poverty—denying to us poor lonely Palmers any share in the new home-light and cheer. I only heard of his happiness by chancing on a notice of the marriage in an English paper. That fretted me—and it was not kind of Phil, I must say it, though the boy is gone now, and I forgive him a thousand times over, I am sure. I remember your mother as a lovely, little lisping girl, with great soft, gazelle-eyes, and a shy, tender, almost womanly smile. Philip was very fond of her when I left England, and I was not surprised, and I was glad to hear that the boy's fancy had ripened into the love of the man. She—your mother is yet living, I trust."

"Yes, and as beautiful as ever," replied Philip, warmly. "And, sir, I am sure she could explain to you the breaking off of my father's correspondence with you, and convince you that the blame rests with fortune, not on his memory."

"Doubtless, doubtless, very likely I have been a self tormentor, a stupid old jealous-pate all these years;—and now poor Phil is beyond reconciling word or hand-grasp of mine! But I shall see your mother—she is here, with you?"

"You will hardly see her here," replied Philip, coloring. "She has nursed me through my illness, and has but this morning left me. She lives with my grand-parents, at Woolham, and leads a very quiet, domestic life. I am receiving my education and residing at the Hall."

"Ah!—then I shall take the earliest opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Coniston, at her home."

"She will be most happy to see you, for my dear father's sake—but, there is my uncle, returned from Woolham!"

A few moments after this, Sir Ralph and Lady Coniston entered the library. They welcomed their guest with all the show of cordiality which self-interest could thaw out of their gelid natures, and very courteously apologized to him for being left so long alone.

"'Alone'—oh, no, not so bad as that," replied the visitor, smiling. "I have had excellent company, in our young nephew, here. We have got on famously together, and are already good friends, I hope. How strikingly the lad is like his father."

This remark to Lady Coniston.

"Really!—yes, perhaps there is a resemblance. But I am not good at detecting likenesses, and then I never had the honor of an intimate acquaintance with Captain Coniston."

"Your ladyship may well esteem it an honor lost," answered the simple hearted nabob. "Philip Coniston was as noble a young fellow as ever trod the earth or measured his manly length in the grave."

A short pause followed this hearty tribute to the dead soldier. It was broken by a proposal from Sir Ralph to show the guest to his room: an offer which was gladly accepted by Mr. Coniston, who was beginning to feel uncomfortable in his wraps, heavy and travel-stained.

A half-hour later Mr. Gregory came in, and taking Philip up in his strong arms, as though he were a child, carried him to his chamber, which he kept for the remainder of the day, not feeling strong enough to go down to dinner.

Mr. Coniston looked in upon him, however, at night, before retiring, and sat by his bedside, conversing a little while very pleasantly. As he rose to go, "You must call me 'Uncle Hugh,' as your father did," he said, in his usual quick, imperious tones, but with a certain wistful look of the eyes, quite touching and impossible to resist.

"Gladly—with thanks for the privilege," replied Philip. So it was "Good-night, my boy!" "Good night, Uncle Hugh," and both the lonely old man and the fatherless youth went to sleep the happier that night for having met, and clasped hands over a grave.

At an early hour the very next day, Mr. Hugh Coniston drove over to Woolham, to pay his respects to the widow of his nephew. He invited Sir Ralph to accompany him, but was politely put off on some flimsy pretext, which he being a man of few words, and those words of truth and directness, received in perfect good faith.

The conventional Baronet and Baronetess, high-bred to a transcendent degree, and with a sense of *les bienséances* exquisite to painfulness, were secretly shocked and annoyed by the *outré* appearance which their relative and his turn out presented.

Lady Elinor winced in anticipation of the whirlwind of vulgar gossip and impertinent questioning which his advent would be likely to create; but Sir Ralph comforted himself somewhat with the thought that the wealth of the nabob, when made known, would cover a multitude of conventional sins.

Well, it is true there was a sensation, decided, unprecedented, as the foreign-looking stranger, his face bronzed and furrowed out of the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant, drove at a dashing rate down the main street of Woolham, and drew in his fiery thorough-breds at the sign of the Pestle and Mortar—the shop of the village pharmaceutist. Great was the wonderment, wide and wild and reckless were the guesses, when after a few words with the old apothecary, the strange visitor was shown through the shop into the family parlor, and the curtained glass door ruthlessly closed on an unsatisfied community.

Mr. Coniston spent an hour with his nephew's widow—a very small portion of which time served to clear up to his perfect though sad satisfaction, the mystery and misunderstanding of years. He wept at Amy's simple explanation, and alternately blamed himself and "poor Phil" for unkindness and lack of faith.

"He ought to have written again, and given me another chance," he said, with a heavy sigh, which seemed to tug at his heart-strings,—"and I was a fool, and worse, not to know that there was something at fault beside my brave boy. Oh! if I had not let him slip away from me so, he might have had him still! He never should have remained in that barbarous country to fret away soul and body in obscurity and inaction. But I was jealous, morbidly proud and sensitive. Circumstances made me so, I think—I am sure nature did not dash me strongly with such unwholesome ingredients."

"And circumstances had, I fear, a similar influence upon Philip's frank and loyal nature. He grew strangely suspicious of all affection but that of his own little household. His heart yearned toward you, missing the old love and confidence, but he was too proud to make concessions where he held that no concessions were due."

"Certainly, I see it all—I blundered, I erred woefully. It was my place to write again—I was a boor, a churl, not to write and congratulate him on the happiest and proudest event of his life. Well, all I can now do to repair my error, is to be to the son what I might have been to the father. Will you allow me, my dear madam, to be the friend and helper of your son,

whom I like for his own sake, right well—a royal boy is he, my Philip the Second."

Amy murmured a grateful assent, glancing up with suffused, delighted eyes. Her mother's heart blessed the generous old man, then and ever after, and he was blessed.

This was not Mr. Coniston's last visit to the house of Mr. Maxwell. He liked the worthy old apothecary himself—the careful compounder of medicines, the honest dealer in unadulterated drugs, the faithful jailor of imprisoned poisons. The merchant had no womanish antipathy to, no Hahnemannish horror of medicinal odors, yet he always passed through the shop hurriedly, and with a certain awe, looking upon its deadly array of bottles, gallipots, and pill-boxes, as on some magazine of useful, but terrible forces.

"Doesn't it sometimes affect your spirits, to live so near the shop?" he once asked Amy; "doesn't it give you queer fancies?"

"Yes; sometimes at twilight, those aromatic and oppressive odors, by the power which only perfumes have, seem to make not alone the atmosphere, but to conjure up scenes of every climate under the sun—to bring the ends of the earth together. I seem to behold vast white Siberian wastes—lush tropical forests—black Indian jungles, starred with tiger-eyes—peaks of the Andes and Himalayas—immensities of ocean, and the flowery sweep of interminable prairies. And then, there is a weird fancy about the poisons, which at times possesses me. I think that good and evil spirits are shut up together in the bottles and jars—that shadowy faces look out at me through the glass—some kindly, some cruel. This fancy always haunts me in regard to the jar of opium. Sometimes when I take the lid off, it seems to me that Death leaps out like a Jack-of-the-box,—sometimes there slowly rises in a soft, dreamy mist, a sleepy-eyed, beneficent angel of relief, repose and restoration."

"Ah, you are a poet, Amy—but to me, prosaic and unimaginative as only an English old bachelor, who has had all his romance knocked out of him by time and trade, can be, the shop of the apothecary is a 'fearsome' place, and suggests all the horror and mystery of that irregular warfare with death, which we call life.'

Hugh Coniston was altogether charmed by the gentle and amiable woman who had been the love and the wife of his beloved nephew, of him who lived in his memory in immortal youth—who would ever remain his "dear boy," the child of his heart. He drove Philip over to Wootham, the first time he was able to go out, and the morning before he left the Hall, he went alone to take leave of the widow and her parents.

It was at this time that he first obtained from Amy, in answer to some close but kindly questioning, an account of her application to Sir Ralph, in behalf of her son, and of the singular conditions on which Philip had been received into the family of his uncle for education. The generous-hearted and liberal-minded merchant was at first shocked and indignant, and bluntly characterized his nephew as a heartless snob, and his scheme as a sin against nature and the holiest human affections—paying little heed to Amy's mild remonstrance and earnest protestations of gratitude toward the Baronet. At length, however, a sense of his besetting sin of harsh and hot-headed judgment and often injustice, came over him. He paused and mused a moment, perplexed and regretful. "After all," he said, absently, as though thinking aloud "it may be he has done what he thought best for all parties, and for the special good of the lad. The discipline may be of infinite use to Phil—who can tell? He cannot expect to be always with his mother,—he may love and prize you the more, madame, for this semi-separation."

"It is not the separation of which he complains—every schoolboy expects and accepts that—but of the arbitrary exclusion of his mother from the family circle, from the family interests. That she is never accorded what he thinks her rightful place and rightful consideration, perpetually wounds his proud young heart."

"Of course it does; he wouldn't be my Phil's son if it didn't. But we will set all that right in good time. I don't like the plan at all; but it is plain that I cannot interfere with it now. When Philip accepted his uncle's patronage, he accepted it 'for better or for worse'—with those conditions, which, however hard, it seems to me he is in honor bound to abide by, until the end is attained. He is, I understand, nearly fitted for Oxford; when his course there is ended, I shall put in my claim, and inform Sir Ralph of my wishes and intentions concerning the young man. And now, my dear madam, I must really make my adieux. I hope we shall next meet at Wytham Court. You are poetic—you should come to Cumberland, which is the paradise of poets. They haunt our groves and lakes like singing birds and imperial swans."

"I thank you heartily, but—"

"Nay, 'but me no buts,' or I shall be compelled to come and fetch you in my fiery chariot and four."

"Oh, anything but that!" exclaimed Amy, with a merry laugh, that startled her own heart.

"Well, then, mind you come when I call you; and so *au revoir*, and not *adieu*. 'Meet me at Philippi!'"

At Coniston Hall the nabob uncle's very apparent liking for young Philip, excited feelings and comments neither amiable nor agreeable; yet it compelled a recognition of his claims to consideration as a Coniston, which had never before been accorded to him. It certainly made him no better friends in the household; yet, on the whole, it improved his condition, for even envy is better than contempt.

On Philip's own nature the kindness of his grand-uncle had the effect that the letting in of sunlight has upon plants that have long shivered and paled in continued chill and shade. It warmed him, it brightened him, and drew him up in a way that surprised himself and quite confounded those who had lived under the same roof for years without knowing him—who had taken his silence for dullness, his proud reticence for sullenness.

In taking leave of his relatives, Mr. Coniston pressed upon them all a warm invitation to Wytham Court, and obtained the promise of a family visit during the coming summer or autumn. He also obtained Sir Ralph's permission for Philip to spend a portion of each college vacation in Cumberland.

From his perch in the library window, Philip watched the departure of the guest, with a weight of lonely sadness at his heart, which but for the prophetic down upon his quivering lip, would have lightened itself by a boyish burst of tears. He saw the dear old man rein up his impatient bays at the bend in the avenue, and look back mournfully and wistfully at the Hall. Philip felt that he was not then thinking of the household from whom he had just parted for a season—not even of *him* whose eyes were following him with almost filial affection—but that he was tenderly, yearningly remembering faces that in the long ago, brightened his stately home—voices that once made music there—vanished faces, silenced voices. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

CONTINGENT EXPENSES.

A good deal of amusement has been occasioned by the publication of the details of the contingent expenses of Congress, for the last session. Among the items are to be found the following rather curious ones—from which one of our contemporaries infers that we must already have quite a number of female members:—

Scissors,	$669.00
Dressing Cases,	645.00
Odor Cases,	121.00
Ladies Reticules,	242.00
Portfolios,	1,997.00
Albums (plain and illuminated),	232.00
Ladies' Inkstands,	288.00
Ladies' Porte-monnaies,	347.00
Pearl Shopping Tablets,	247.00
Ladies' Companions,	101.00

The explanation of the above items is said to be as follows: Each house allow its members a specific sum yearly for stationery. Those members who do not use the specified sum in paper, pens and ink, &c., feel at perfect liberty either to draw the balance in cash, or to direct the purchase of other articles with it. And thus when a member wishes to make a present to some lady friend, he orders the clerk to purchase it from the assortment of fancy articles kept in the offices of the Postmasters of the two houses, and to charge it to his account.—We suppose it is all right and proper for this course to be pursued—but the items have rather a funny look when exposed to the glare of day in the public papers.

AN IMPORTANT TREATY.

By the recent confirmation of the Cass-Yrisarri treaty by Nicaragua, many important privileges are allowed to American citizens—in case the treaty be further confirmed by the United States Senate. American merchants are to be allowed to introduce their goods at the same rates as those which native merchants pay; the United States is to be allowed to place troops on the Transit, when it (the United States) shall deem it necessary for the security of the same against foreign invasion or domestic inquietude; the ship canal or railroad is to be considered under American protection; colonizers who buy land and settle in the country, and take oath of allegiance to the same, to be protected by the United States, if Nicaragua fails to do so; the United States to be allowed to disembark forces, &c., for the maintenance of a naval station; all Americans taking the oath of allegiance are to become instantly citizens; and American citizens naturalized or otherwise, are to have all civil rights in equality with native Nicaraguans.

On first view, there appears to be no objection to such a treaty as the above, but, on the contrary, strong reasons for its speedy confirmation by the Senate. To any natural and peaceable growth of American influence in Nicaragua, we do not see that fair objection can be made. We are disposed to regard it as being quite as beneficial for Nicaragua as for ourselves.

A SIGN.—MR. J. W., at Jacksonburg, Wayne County, Indiana, writes as follows:—

As I have been a constant subscriber to your paper for twelve years, and consider it the most valuable weekly family newspaper published, the thought of being one year without it cannot be entertained for a moment. Our prospect for a plentiful harvest is very flattering. Wheat is fully one month earlier than last season; fruits are yet uninjured; money is getting easier, but is not yet as plenty as we would wish, in consequence of our farmers being unwilling to sell their wheat at present prices. Trade in our line of merchandising is as good here as it has been for the last six years.

Prospect of crops good, money getting easier, and trade as good as for the last six years—that is just the kind of an account that we hope to have before long from all parts of the country.

"There's a good time coming, boys;
Wait a little longer."

INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH.

It was a young Englishman, Mr. Bright, a very smart young fellow, we are told, and only lacking in marine experience, who superintended the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph last year, when the cable parted in mid-ocean. It is said that there was a primary blunder—the miles of coil were statute miles, and not nautical, the nautical mile being longer than the other—so that the cable was proved to be too short to reach across the Atlantic. This statement is the basis for the opinion that the parting of the wire was not after all, accidental, but intentional—Mr. Bright finding that the only remedy for the primary error was to break the cable, and thereby save that portion of it not already payed out. Rumor has it that the directors wished Mr. Bright to superintend the second attempt at laying the telegraph, but, like a frank and wise man who knew himself, he declined, feeling that the superintendent must have not only that practical knowledge of engineering which he has, but of oceanic peculiarities, which he has not. After his declination, the office of superintendent, we are told, went a-begging—none of the English engineers wishing to take the responsibility. In this exigency, forth steps Mr. Everett, a young American, who offers to lay the telegraph, and is accepted. So the enterprise is now in charge of a Yankee, and, our national pride being up, we are all sure that there will be no failure this time. To say truth, the chances of success are good. Mr. Everett is a practical seaman and engineer to boot. He has already discarded the heavy and cumbrous machinery formerly employed in paying out the wire, and substituted an engine, light, strong, and nice in its action. This time the work is to commence in mid-ocean—the two ships making for either shore, each bearing one half the cable. It is said that a new feature in the conduct of this enterprise will be a great increase of sailing speed on the part of the vessels paying out the wire. The object of this arrangement is to lessen the strain the cable imposes on itself by its own weight. The idea is this:—If the cable is paid out *perpendicularly* it bears its own weight in proportion to the rectitude of the perpendicularity. If it can be paid out *horizontally* its weight is supported by *the water* in due proportion to the rectitude of its horizontality. Now the weight of the cable from the ocean surface to the bottom in a straight line, is several tons—quite enough to break it. Hence it is an object to lessen as much as possible the perpendicular inclination, and increase the horizontal,—in a word to make the wire as much as it can be, oceanborne. The slower the ship goes, the more perpendicularly will the wire hang over her stern—and so increase the liability to a breakage. The swifter the ship can go, the more horizontally will the wire rest in the water—and, of course, the more it will be supported by the ocean density. So instead of going slow, and letting the heavy wire hang straight from her stern—a line of self-supporting tons—the ship will go fast, letting the wire slant out behind her, its weight of tons stretching obliquely over leagues of water, and supported by them, as it sinks slowly to its resting place.

Great confidence is felt in Mr. Everett, and the successful laying of the ocean telegraph is now regarded as a sure thing.

OPENING OF THE ACADEMY.—The annual exhibition of painting and sculpture at the Academy of Fine Arts in this city, is now open. There are a number of new pictures together with the best of the old ones. The gems of the present collection of new pictures, are the contributions of Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton is a great poetic painter, as people will probably discover fifty years hence. His pictures have all the effect of those poems whose beauty includes the element of strangeness, and are addressed chiefly to the imagination, by which alone their true import can be perceived. We may particularize one painting of his in this exhibition, which will repay careful study. It is entitled "Wrecked Hopes." The sombre splendors of a stormy sunset, cast a dark glow over a desolate and tumultuous waste of ocean, where two or three despairing figures cling to a wreck upheaved upon a mounting wave. All this which to any observer makes a fine picture, speaks with sad significance to the elect.—There are other pictures by this artist;—especially a couple of storm scenes, with awful phantom skies, gray livid water, and the white wrath of breakers, and one coast scene, wonderful for the crystal luminousness and depth of its atmosphere. Mr. Weber has some fine landscapes, among which is a view of Niagara chiefly good in its distances. The fall in the foreground is deficient in the sense of weight—the water looking too much like a cataract of changeable green silk, lightly feathering over the cliff. Among the other pictures, is a fine conception, called "The Matin Bell," and some others which we may notice hereafter.

THE KANSAS QUESTION.—The Conference Bill in relation to Kansas, as will be seen by our Congressional report, has passed both Houses of Congress. It does not submit the Lecompton Constitution, but submits the land ordinance, to the people of Kansas for confirmation. If they accept it, Kansas is to be declared a State by the President's proclamation. If not, not.

The vote in the Senate was 30 to 22—in the House 112 to 103. Among the nays in the House were Messrs. Quitman and Bonham, of the "ultra Southern party," and twelve "Douglas Democrats," viz:—

Messrs. Adrain, Chapman, Horace F. Clark, John G. Davis, Thos. L. Harris, Haskin, Hickman, McKibbin, S. S. Marshall, Isaac N. Morris, Aaron Shaw, Robert Smith.

Mr. Montgomery, of this State, was not present—having paired off. The other "Anti-Lecompton Democrats," including English, Owen Jones, Cox, &c., voted for the Bill. Five Southern "Americans" voted no. The great question of interest with the politicians now is, whether Kansas will accept the land ordinance, and by so doing, the Lecompton Constitution.

THE SCHOOL JOURNAL.—The High School Journal has left off the High, and now is simply the School Journal. The form is changed from eight to sixteen pages, a new head adopted, and other improvements made. Its appearance this week is quite prepossessing.

HORSE TAMING.

Mr. John Rairiden, of Jamestown, Ky., writes to us that the account recently quoted by us from a Boston paper, as embodying Mr. Rarey's method of taming horses, is entirely incorrect. He says:—

Before your readers spend their money for the drugs referred to, I would assure them that they will find them of no account whatever—and further, that Mr. Rarey *does not* make use of such in horse taming, as I have the best means of knowing. Several years since I received instructions in horse training of Mr. R., and was also furnished by him with a pamphlet containing his art. In short Mr. Rarey explicitly denies using any drug, medicine, or herb whatever. I might give extracts to substantiate this, but will not trespass upon your space.

Mr. Rarey's system consists, simply, as he well says, "In appeals to the intelligence of the horse." To enable his pupils to do this effectually, he lays down a series of rules, which any man of ordinary intelligence may enforce. As his work contains 32 closely printed pages of rules, all of which are necessary to the system, of course it would be impracticable for me to attempt to present them to your readers; in fact I do not know that it would be safe to copy them, as the pamphlet is copyrighted.

So far our correspondent. If he *knows* that Mr. R does not administer any drugs, there is an end of the matter. What Mr. Rarey's process is, doubtless will be publicly promulged before many months, as the amount of money he wishes to raise as the price of his secret, is but a small matter in the estimation of the titled personages among whom he has had the good fortune to secure patrons. We are free to confess, however, that if his secret, when disclosed, prove to be one which all other men can use as effectively as himself, we shall be mistaken.

MAPLE SUGAR.

Mr. J. C. Mc——, of Prosperity, Ind., writes us in correction of the statement going the rounds of the press, taken from Dodsley's Register for October, 1765, that the process of manufacturing sugar and molasses from the maple tree, was first discovered at that time. Our correspondent says:—

The method of making sugar from the sap of the maple tree, was known to the Indians at the time of Captain Smith's captivity among the Indians. Captain Smith, in his narrative, informs us of the peculiar construction of their vessels for catching the sap, and also, that they froze the sap in wide, shallow vessels, thereby reducing the bulk of water before boiling. He (Smith) also informs us that they (the Indians) made vast quantities of sugar. Therefore, from what Smith says, the Indians were perfectly acquainted with the art of making maple sugar, and we may draw the inference that it had been practised among them in all probability for centuries.

The art of making sugar from the sap of the maple tree, was known to white men, at least ten years previous to 1765, i. e. 1755.

AMERICAN WINE.—The Missouri Wine Company has offered $250, in premiums, for the best pure native wines, the product of the wine growing States of this country, and of the vintage of 1857.

In all the talk about native wines, why is it forgotten that the currant makes a capital wine—an important fact, as the currant is a hardy plant, a sure and abundant bearer, and grows, if we are not mistaken, almost everywhere. We do not pretend to be a connoisseur in wines, but we have tasted currant wine which we liked better than Port for which six dollars a gallon had been paid. Currant wine is often spoiled by being sweetened too much—and the currant is inferior to the grape in requiring sugar at all—but, putting this not very important fact aside, it would probably puzzle common, everyday people to tell in what the superiority of the grape over the currant consists. Of course we do not dare to doubt that there must be a great difference; and admit our presumption in thus airing our ignorance as to its character. But we live to learn.

New Publications.

THE ANGEL AND THE DEMON, by T. S. ARTHUR, (J. W. Bradley, Philada.,) purports to be a tale of modern spiritualism. Mr. Arthur can never be accused of "traitorously corrupting the youth of the realm" by writing without a conscience and a moral aim. It is evident enough, in all his stories, that he heartily desires the welfare of his readers. The truth, too, that he conceives—or the thought he thinks to be truth—he has good skill in making dramatically evident. The story is always a sober lay-sermon, but it always reads like a story, and an interesting one.

In this tale, Mr Arthur, with all his usual soberness of purpose and definiteness of aim, assaults Spiritualism. The "demon" is no huge, vast-vanned Miltonic fiend, but a modern mesmerist—a woman; and the "angel" is not, as one might fancy, a veritable angel, but also a woman—a gentle governess. This, however, is the literal interpretation. In the mystic second sense, the mesmerist is Spiritualism personified, and the governess represents the Divine Word, as the disciples of Swedenborg term the truths of the Bible. It is from a Swedenborgian armory that the author equips his militant angel for the contest with the fiend. The plot may be briefly told. A foolish fashionable lady—Mrs. Dainty by name—drives away, through her silly snobbery, her children's governess, Florence Harper, eminently qualified by nature and education for her post. The new governess is Mrs. Jeckyl, the mesmerist, who obtains magnetic influence over one of the children, and having in her turn been discharged, draws away the child from home by mesmeric power, to make a medium of her. The child is recovered, and through the influence of Florence Harper, now re-installed as the governess, is rescued from a demoniac condition of mind induced by the arts and spells of the mesmerist. All this, so baldly mentioned here, is set forth in the book impressively and attractively, with entertaining details of action and character. The general lesson meant to be enforced—that any agency that seeks to destroy the freedom of the will is to be reprobated and shunned—everybody must commend, though the manner and object of its setting forth will of course excite, here and there, difference and discussion.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HOUSEHOLD WORDS for May can be obtained of Mr. T. B. Peterson.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, RAILWAY ENGINEER, by SAMUEL SMILES, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston; T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is an epic of heroic achievement—the single-handed contest of an indomitable man with the ignorance and prejudice of an age to which he rendered a most memorable service. George Stephenson was the inventor of the locomotive and the father of the railroad system. "With weeping and with laughter, long be the story told"—as here it is told—how this heart of oak stood up with British pluck and bottom, and fought for twenty years the Circumlocution Office, the capitalists, the scientificians, the scholars, the lawyers, the peers and people, till the smoke-plume of his locomotive floated in triumph over Britain, and a stupendous network of railway covered every Christian land. Yet this trophied career began low—in the little village of Wylam, near Newcastle, where the slag and coal-ash of the colliery cumber the ground, and the iron furnaces choke the air by day with sooty smoke, and light it by night with lurid flames. Here, in 1781, the collier's boy was born. He came of a good stock—the Northumbrian—which has its root far back in the graves of the Norse vikings, and yields to-day the biggest and hardiest men in England. He began life as a farm-boy—his favorite amusement to model little engines in clay with his playmate, Tom Thirlaway. Afterwards he was a brakeeman in the colliery, where he loved the pumping-engine like a living thing, and studied its machinery constantly. His ingenuity was in continual exercise in making shoes, cutting out clothes, doctoring old clocks, and trying to discover the perpetual motion—which impossibility seems to furnish young mechanics with the mental discipline that the fruitless quest for the secrets of alchemy gave to the earliest chemists. By-and-bye George's genius came into requisition, and succeeded in mending a pumping-engine which had baffled all the engineers, and draining a flooded coal-pit. This made him doctor to all the diseased pumping-engines in the neighborhood. Afterwards he invented the first miner's safety-lamp—the "Geordy," which the miners still prefer to Sir Humphrey Davy's. Before this, in 1813, he built the first locomotive, encouraged by Lord Ravensworth, one of the owners of the colliery, and who was thought a fool for advancing Stephenson money for this purpose. From this time he gave all his energies to the locomotive. The multitudinous details of his great battle for railway travelling are given with exciting interest in this memoir. How long the victorious issue was delayed may be seen by reading the objections urged against the railroad as late as 1825, when the first project for a track from Manchester to Liverpool was before Parliament. The Parliamentary Committee scoffed at Mr. Stephenson as a madman, and it was only after a protracted struggle and the accumulation of a mountain of evidence as to the feasibility of the proposed scheme, that the Manchester Railway Bill passed the House. But this was not the only opposition. The progress of the survey for the road was retarded by the surveyors being stoned by the people, attacked and driven off the ground with pitchforks, and even menaced by the nobility. The keepers and farm-laborers of Lords Derby and Sefton were ordered to keep Stephenson off their estates, through a part of which the survey lay. The survey on the Duke of Bridgewater's territory had to be made secretly—the noble Duke having threatened Stephenson with a ducking, and his men being on the watch day and night with firearms. The hostility of these peers finally compelled the projectors of the railway to build the road over the worst part of Chat Moss, an awful morass extending for four miles along the line of the road, and over which no man could walk without sinking. The hewing of Napoleon's passage through the Simplon was nothing compared to Stephenson's filling in a solid road across this quagmire. Again and again, as the work made little progress, the directors were for giving up in despair, but Stephenson clung to the task with inexorable tenacity, and succeeded. While this enterprise was still in projection, Stephenson underwent his terrible badgering before the House of Commons regarding the practicability of the road. The most scientific engineers in England were against him, scouting at his assertion that he could build an engine to go twelve miles an hour! One member maintained that no steam-engine could be made to go against a gale of wind. Another thought it would be a serious thing for the locomotive if a cow ran into it on the track. Even Stephenson's own counsel, Mr. William Brougham, when the former confidently said he could make his engines go twenty miles an hour, told him that if he did not moderate his own views, and bring his engine within a reasonable speed, he would "inevitably damn the whole thing, and be himself regarded as a maniac fit for Bedlam!" The *Quarterly Review* in an able article, *favorable* to the proposed railway, said—"what can be more ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling *twice as fast* as stage-coaches!" These objections regarding the speed of the railway, were entertained by nearly all the practical and scientific men in England. Dr. Lardner said that "if locomotives attempted to go at anything like the contemplated speed, the wheels would merely spin on their axles, and the carriages stand stock-still!"

The commentary on all these judgments is George Stephenson driving his locomotive from Newcastle to London, 244 miles, in nine hours! In twenty years from the time he invented the first engine, all prejudices were conquered, and the most magnificent system of intercommunication the world ever saw, was secured. The face of the Age was changed. The brave and earnest English scholar, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, saw the trains go flashing past—saw peer and peasant, master and servant, sharing alike the comfort, the convenience and the despatch of railway travelling, the old rigor of social castes abated, and rejoiced to see it, and to think that a step forward in the march of civilization was really made—that feudalism was no more. Perseverance was the enabling gift the angel at his cradle added to the genius of the man by whose efforts so great a conquest was achieved. With this element wanting in his character the world might have waited another century for the locomotive, and the public would not have the pleasure of perusing this admirably written memoir of its inventor.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) leads off with an erudite and interesting article on the relics of a past civilization in Mexico and Central America, probably from the learned pen of Miss Elizabeth Peabody. To this succeeds a sad and shadowy story, called "Roger Pierce." "Intellectual Character" is an article (maybe by Whipple) full of searching sense and eloquence. Theodore Parker has a review of Henry Ward Beecher's preaching. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," discourses with frolic humor on Old Age, and throws in a couple of poems. James Russell Lowell shines in the most scholarly manner, Halliwell's edition of the works of the old dramatist, Marston—at which our English cousins, who think Halliwell the very best of all the book worms, will be amazed. The poetry in this number of the Atlantic is not as good as usual—though "Mercedes" is full of vivid tropical painting and the heat-lightnings of Southern passion.

THE NEWLY ARRIVED MORMONS AT NEW YORK.—The New York *Express*, of the 28th, has the following:

The Mormons who arrived on Saturday, in the John Bright, from Liverpool, are not composed so largely as on former occasions, of merely poor and ignorant persons; but are partly wealthy farmers, abundantly provided with means. The young women, who follow their relations, are represented as genteel-looking persons and as fashionables from Copenhagen and other Scandinavian cities. Students are also among the ninety. The majority of the pilgrims, strange to say, are females.

According to the statement of the Elders here the Elders in Europe are determined to divert the Mormon emigration to Canada, while the Mormon difficulties in Utah are pending, and it is not likely that the passengers of the John Bright will depart for Utah to expose themselves to the dangers of the war there.

The new comers seem to be but little acquainted with the real condition of the Mormons in the United States. One of the Elders, of the Missouri period, states that the Missions in Europe have suffered in consequence of their connection with Salt Lake, and that assistance from that quarter has latterly been trifling.

THE LEVIATHAN.—Being 691 feet, or 230 yards in length, she is ten yards over an eighth of a mile, and of course four times up and down her deck will make a mile—a possible walk, as her level deck is unencumbered with aught save the skylights of the saloons. The Leviathan is intended to carry 800 first class passengers, 2,000 second class, and 1,200 third class. For so large a freight of human beings, the most extensive accommodation has been provided, both in saloons and sleeping cabins. The saloons are nine in number, the largest is 100 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 13 feet high. Above, are two others, one above 60 feet long, and another 24; both are 25 feet wide and 12 high.—The smaller of these latter is used as a ladies' cabin. There are whole streets and squares of sleeping rooms, about 14 feet long by 7 or 8 feet wide, and above 7 feet high; in fact, quite large rooms. If nothing else had influence, this would make the Leviathan popular. In most large steamers it is the sleeping cabin that is the discomfort. The main cabin is generally large and airy: the table perhaps better than many passengers enjoy on shore; it is in the berth that they find discomfort—the close crib, with perhaps another fellow-passenger on the shelf above.

GEN QUITMAN'S RESOLUTION.—DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.—WASHINGTON, April 30.—A caucus of the Democratic members of the House was held this evening, to consider the proposition introduced by Mr. Quitman, declaring it unwise, impolitic, and unjust to the existing States to prematurely or hastily admit new States, thereby unduly stimulating the occupation of distant vacant territories by forced and unnatural migration for political, partizan and sectional purposes, producing discord and strife between different portions of the Union; and for the prevention of these evils, no State is to be hereafter admitted until it is ascertained, by a census taken by authority of Congress, that the territory contains population sufficient for a representative in Congress, and until authorized by Congress to call a Convention to form a State Constitution. Owing to the thinness of the meeting, a Committee was appointed to report on the proposition next Tuesday, when it is supposed some action will be taken. The feeling towards it is generally favorable.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—Great excitement has been created in Brooklyn, N. Y., by the announcement of the discovery of a cave, near the Greenwood entrance. Thousands have already flocked to see it. The discovery was made by two boys connected with Public School No. 2, who were playing on a hill near the entrance to Greenwood, when the embankment gave way and they fell, and discovered the opening of a cave. The boys fled upon this, and informed some gentlemen, who proceeded to explore the place. About 100 feet from the entrance they found a large room, with shelves all around, upon which were numerous bottles, some full of liquor and some empty. In the middle of the room was a table, containing books, and a large lantern was suspended from the ceiling. After being in the cave a short time, the gentlemen heard a horrible noise, as if proceeding from human beings or wild beasts, which caused them to beat a retreat.

DR KANE'S DISCOVERIES.—"At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in London, Dr. Rink, a Dane, read a paper, in which he challenged the accuracy of nearly all the alleged discoveries of Dr. Kane, on the North Coast of Greenland. The lecturer maintained that the line of coast on the American coast of Baffin's Bay, as high as 81 deg. of latitude, sketched in Dr. Kane's chart, was fictitious, and was founded on observations reported to have been made from points where it was impossible to have seen the land. Many other portions of Dr. Kane's narrative were disputed, and it was roundly asserted that the American was hoaxed by his steward. These views were endorsed by Sir George Back, Captain Collinson, and Dr. Armstrong. Sir Roderick Murchison was in the chair, but he said nothing on the disputed questions."

SHARP WIVES.—Two ladies of Berlin, Ohio, were driven to their wits end on account of their recreant husbands, who gambled away their money, treating the suffering wives to the miserable remnant of their earnings, which often obliged them to go hungry. Forming a plan, they dressed themselves in male attire, disguising their identity effectually, and following their worser halves to their den of resort, drank and gambled with them until they succeeded in winning all their money. This process being repeated several times, the wives continued to be flush and the husbands empty in pocket. The joke, too good to be kept, however, leaked out, and it is said the husbands, thoroughly ashamed of themselves, are mending their bad habits.

ITALY.—The political refugees have circulated throughout Italy thousands of copies of Orsini's portrait and biography, and a second edition of his political memoirs, in which hatred of Napoleon III. is preached up without disguise; and in which his death is alluded to as the only means of salvation for Italy. These memoirs are dedicated to the youth of Italy; and they avow their principles to be the destruction of monarchical and imperial institutions, of Catholicism and of what they call "the putrid remains of the middle ages."

LETTER FROM LONDON.

SHADE AND SUNSHINE—A GLIMPSE OF OUR WHEREABOUTS—LONDON AND PARIS—EASTER MONDAY—A CIVIC SPECTACLE—A WONDERFUL INVENTION—A HAPPY OCCASION—A COSY EVENING.

London, April 9, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Your "Paris Correspondent," when recording, in a recent letter, the sorrows and distresses of a friend compelled, by a sudden call to England, to get her passport in order, little supposed that she would so soon be obliged to go through with the same disagreeable process, and be "fleeced" out of the sum of 10 francs ($2) charged at the bureaux of the Minister of Foreign Affairs for a supplementary *visa* which, though it has always been obligatory in theory, was never required in point of fact until the enforcement of the late additional measures of "public safety." But so it is; the death of one friend, and the marriage of another, having called for my presence on this side of the narrow channel which separates *la belle France* from "foggy England."

Of the first of the motives just assigned for the sudden "flitting" of your correspondent, I say nothing here; the last and scenes of the laying down of mortality, and the consequent episodes of domestic change, are interesting only to the parties immediately concerned. But the fact of Matrimony, though "as old as the hills," and of perpetual recurrence all the world over, is allowed to possess a universal and never failing interest which justifies the chronicler of contemporaneous history in counting on the sympathy of all readers whose eyes may happen to fall on the humble record which details the "ins and the outs" of any such celebration; in reliance on which obvious psychological and social law, I venture to invite the readers of THE POST to accompany me to the scene of the bridal festivities, a magnificent baronial hall, dating from the 11th century, and made up of various additions built at different periods up to the present day. This old, picturesque mansion, standing in a noble park, in one of the eastern counties, we will call by the borrowed appellation of Castle Mildreth, bestowing the same name on its noble owners, Lord and Lady Mildreth, the parents of the bride; while the bridegroom, heir to a rich baronetcy in the north of England, shall figure in this truthful recital under the name of Augustus Moreton, Esquire, of Moreton Lodge, a lovely country-seat on one of his sire's estates, which has been beautified and refurnished as an occasional retreat for the youthful pair, while awaiting the arrival of those inevitable changes which will come day or other convert them into Sir Augustus and Lady Moreton, of Moreton Hall. The wedding, of course, was to take place at the residence; and the happy pair were to pass their honey-moon in the flowery retreat of Moreton Lodge, so carefully and elegantly "done up" for their reception. When I have added that the two families are both wealthy, (that of the baronet having somewhat the advantage, in this respect, of that of the lord,) that they have long been intimately united in friendship, politics, and support of the game laws, that the match had been planned from the infancy of the young people, and that the latter, against the example of the greater number of those who are so arbitrarily disposed of in their cradles, are devotedly attached to each other, it will be sufficiently evident that the event in question was a signal for great rejoicings among the members of both families, in the little world of which they formed the respective centres.

With these preliminary observations we will consider ourselves as having safely accomplished the "regulation" of passports, and the journey to the French coast, crossed the thin line of sea that has worked such incalculable good for England by severing her, in a great measure, from the vicissitudes and immediate contact of her continental neighbors—and thus enabling her to devote her energies to her own peculiar and specific development—and been whirled up from the white cliffs of Folkestone, with its gray houses, and their rows of smoky chimneys, to London the Enormous, which is growing, as it has been doing for the last twenty years, far more rapidly than any other city in the world, and whose approach suggests, to those who have been even a twelve-months away from its precincts, the ominous question "Where will London stop?"

The huge metropolis will soon number three millions of inhabitants. Streets, squares, "crescents," and "polygons" are springing up in new brick and freestone in every part of its circumference; and villages, and even towns, that formerly lay at a good distance out of "London," and were looked upon as being "in the country," are reached and surrounded by the outflowing tide of brick and mortar, and are gradually absorbed in the vast and still extending mass of masonry that threatens to cover the entire surface of the counties in which it stands, and to spread out in indefinite extension until the "town of London" shall have pushed its boundaries to the three seas and the Tweed!

As we drive through the heart of the town—a mass of vehicles of all descriptions filling the streets, and every now and then bringing our cab to a standstill of several minutes—we look out upon the stream of busy people that cover the pavements, all so eager, so wide-awake, so evidently in earnest, and contrast the overflowing activity and energy of the population with the listless air of the people of Paris. The contrast is very striking. So also is the look of sturdy, fearless, unconscious independence everywhere visible; so curiously different from the air of the Frenchman now-a-days, moving, living, and having his being, on the sufferance of despotic government, an overwhelming army, and a ubiquitous police!

As we drive by the Mansion-House, we are struck with the sight of an interminable stream of boys, the "blue-coat boys" of Christ Church Grammar School, and are civilly requested by a fresh and good-tempered-looking policeman, to draw up for a few moments in the wake of a long stream of vehicles similarly arrested to allow of the coming forth of the Municipal carriages. We thereupon suddenly remember that this being Easter Monday, the pupils of that very ancient "Charity" do, on this day, march in procession to the Civic Palace, and thence to Christ Church—whose bells are ringing a merry peal of invitation—where they attend Divine Service in that edifice, in presence of the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and Aldermen, the Governors of the Charity, and a great crowd of spectators. The boys, bare-headed, according to the bequest of the Founder, which prescribed the non-wearing of hats and caps by the future pupils, come streaming, two and two, in their queer costume, accompanied by a guard of friendly policemen, who have enough to do to keep their young charges from scampering into the middle of the street, and getting themselves killed by the horses and wheels that encumber this crowded thoroughfare of Cheapside. The boys wear a long, blue cloth gown, with little white bands like a parson's; white stockings, black leather shoes, with heels and silver buckles. In honor of the day, a ticket, with the words "He is risen," is attached to the breast of each little blue gown. The boys look healthy and merry, though cases of eye-disease are common in the school, caused by their been deprived of covering for the head, a whimsical provision which Parliament would do well to set aside. The carriages of the Civic Fathers now come slowly forth, amidst a loud flourish from the band stationed opposite to the grand entrance. First comes the carriage containing the Sheriffs, and seeming very full of those illustrious functionaries, whose robes fill the carriage to overflowing. The liveries are blue and silver; three lacqueys behind, a solemn coachman on the box, masses of blue silk, covered over with silver broidery, and surrounded by glorious cocked hats to match. The Lord Mayor's carriage is of a different pattern, with flaming liveries of crimson and gold: the carriages of the Aldermen, ditto. These hundreds of boys, with their Civic protectors, the regular guardians of the noble Charity in question, after hearing prayers and a sermon—and constituting a spectacle of no ordinary interest, will enjoy the usual "Easter Banquet:" the boys in the magnificent old hall of the school, with its great pictures, its carved oak, and its stained glass windows, showing the arms of successive royal and noble benefactors of the Institution; the Lord Mayor, and his attendant luminaries, in the Banqueting-hall of the Civic Palace, where the Queen's Ministers, Ambassadors, and others favored with invitations, will sit down to a magnificent "spread," and devour the traditional turtle-soup, and all "the delicacies of the season."

Presently the carriages roll away towards Christ Church, the long lines of stagnant vehicles put themselves once more into movement, the crowd disperses, and we are speedily conveyed to the railway station, whence we set out across a country verdant with young wheat, with every bank and hedgerow and coppice tapestried over with primroses, for the hospitable walls of Castle Mildreth. At every station we take on fresh passengers, necessitating additional carriages: for being a holiday, crowds of people take advantage of the day to give themselves an airing in the green fields so seldom beheld by them, but always so dear to English people. At every station we behold the flaming pictorial advertisements of the maker of some new chair for babies, comprising two compartments, in the first of which, labelled "*Home Miseries*," an unhappy, uncomprehended infant, in its mother's arms, is screeching itself, its mother, nurse, and aunts into an agony, while the father, in a state of desperation, is vainly endeavoring to look over the columns of the newspaper, with a view to the enlightenment of his ideas on the topics of the time.—Vain effort! the small domestic tyrant, wanting it knows not what, keeps up a row that effectually hinders any such attempt on the part of his "papa." In the other compartment of this touching pictorial design, labelled "*Home Happy*," the infant, as happy as a prince, and consequently in a state of cherubic good-temper, is placed in the newly-invented chair, which it finds to be constructed with such a perfect appreciation of, and adaptability to, the instinctive requirements and aspirations of infantile existence, that it is amusing itself, in paradisiac satisfaction, with a toy which, but for the soothing and blissful influence of its chair, it would assuredly be engaged in breaking to pieces, and hurling the fragments, amidst discordant shrieks, streaming tears, and spasmodic kickings, into every corner of the room.—Papa, sure of the peace of his household, has read the paper and gone to business, no longer dreading the horror which will bring him home. Mamma, the picture of happiness, is footing up her account books in an elegant morning gown; the nurse is sewing in another part of the room, and the aunts, such pictures of misery in the other scene, look seraphically happy in this.—The moral of this interesting representation is too obvious to require any setting forth in this place.

Our reception at Castle Mildreth, with an influx of other guests, is as hospitable as the weariest or most *exigeant* of travellers could desire. The romantic old pile, stately from its very vastness, and delightfully placed in the centre of its noble park, and within the shadow of ancestral woods, is gay with bright fires, bright flowers, bright faces, and the brightest of bright liveries. Host, hostess, and family are in the happiest spirits; and a party of fifty-five sit down to dinner, in the grand old dining-hall, at seven o'clock in the evening. The black oak panels and furniture, and the heavy green curtains the old armor, and old plate, shining in the light of an enormous wood fire on the wide, open hearth, and the light of some scores of wax tapers. In the servants' hall, no less than twenty-nine ladies' maids, having unpacked their mistresses' trunks, and laid out the finery they contained, in readiness for the morrow's ceremony, are showing off their airs and graces, and receiving the gallant attentions of the "Mercuries" of the establishment.

After dinner, the large and lively party adjourn to the dining-room, where a number of little groups are soon formed, some chatting in a low voice of the details of to-morrow's doings, some taking possession of the piano, others amusing themselves with "*bogue*," the last new game of cards, which seems to be considered as very pretty and agreeable by the adepts, but of which your correspondent, who pleads guilty to a total incapacity of comprehension in all that regards the science of card-playing, is unfortunately unable to impart any particulars to your readers. The noble conservatory which opens its wilderness of exotics out of one side of the drawing-room, and the picture gallery—a long, narrow room, filled up with antique relics of every kind, many of which especially the old armor and the delightful old carved cabinets in dark oak or ebony, are much more interesting than the starched and faded portraits of former generations of Moretons—are brilliantly lighted, and offer a charming promenade to the more restless spirits among the guests, some of whom are doing no small amount of flirtation on this propitious occasion. Lord Mildreth and his son are closeted for an hour in the library with their lawyers and the legal advisers of the Moretons, putting some "last touch" to the deeds of settlement. The bride-elect, Ellen Mildreth, is a tall, fair, graceful girl of two-and-twenty, amiable and accomplished, and who will probably discharge with honor to herself, and advantage to those around her, the duties of her new position. The bridegroom, who will not appear until to-morrow, when the two retinues will meet at the village church, is a sensible, upright young man, not handsome, not brilliant, but known and valued for his sterling qualities of his heart and head by all about him. There can then be little ground for doubting that future happiness is really in store for the new pair. Two of the bridegroom's sisters are here—in pink satin—handsome, fashionable and lively girls, delighted with their future sister, whom they have regarded from childhood as one of themselves; they will figure to-morrow among the eight bridesmaids who will accompany the bride, in all the glories of white silk, honiton lace, and white roses.

As the wedding takes place at eleven o'clock, and there will be a deal of dressing and marshalling to do before we all get off, it is understood that a peal of the gong in the hall will waken every one from the last morning-dream precisely at eight o'clock, when chocolate, &c., will be sent to the ladies in their rooms, the gentlemen only being looked for in the breakfast-parlor at nine. The bride and the eight bridesmaids, however, smile among themselves at this announcement, their maids having orders to waken them punctually at six o'clock, when the grand affair of their toilettes will be at once proceeded with, it being their impression that they will still be obliged "to make haste," in order to be ready by the appointed hour. And so, at an early hour, the party breaks up.

Next morning the gong rang through the house as promised, but I believe that few of the ladies were awakened by the peal. Great indeed was the commotion that reigned in Castle Mildreth! Up stairs "dressing" going on, in all in its forms and its flurries, with the aid of an army of maids and valets, reinforced by the arrival of a "professional capillary artist" and his aids, a dressmaker and a tailor, all come down from London by the early train, so as to be ready to supply any necessary help in case of accident. Down-stairs, the reception-rooms were being adorned with flowers, and a magnificent *déjeuner* was being spread on the hospitable board of the Great Dining Room.

Happily, all these preparations went on successfully; and the morning was lovely, no small point in favor of such a "turn-out." And a fine "turn-out" it was. The bride with her parents, and an uncle whose heiress she is suspected to be, went in the first carriage, then came the bridesmaids and their attendant swains, in four other carriages, and next an immense array of carriages conveying the other guests; all as gay as white favors could make them. Outside the park gates was a beautiful arch of evergreens and early flowers, put up by the pupils of Lady Mildreth's pet school, who were all drawn up in two long lines on either side of the road, dressed in their best, and holding huge nosegays. Having indulged in cheers for the bride, who has always taken great interest in them, the little people fell into rank in the wake of the carriages, and strolled joyfully after us to the church. There we met the rest of the bridegroom's party, the procession speedily formed, and entered the church under a second flowery arch put up by the villagers, the service was gone through with by the vicar, and congratulations having been duly received from a crowd of the neighboring gentry, the party returned to the Castle.

The Mildreth family being much beloved by their tenantry, the road from the church to the Castle was lined with little groups, anxious to catch a sight of the new pair, and to express their good wishes. It was altogether a pleasant and memorable sight.

The breakfast was very splendid, and very gay; the bride, for a wonder, shed no tears; being a sensible girl, and really very happy, and certain to be in constant and affectionate communication with her family and her home, she seemed not to consider the occasion as being at all a heart-breaking one. The bridesmaids had evinced symptoms of tearfulness at church, but finding the quiet happiness of the bride to be proof against these incipient demonstrations, they dried their eyes, and resumed their smiles, to the great relief and satisfaction of everybody else.

After breakfast, the new pair drove away in a carriage and four, laden with white ribbons; a substantial dinner was given in the park to all the country-people of the neighborhood; and the children of Lady Mildreth's school had a feast in their school-room, which stands in one corner of the Castle-grounds, and a dance and all manner of games on the soft green turf of the lawn under the Castle-windows.

The guests all dispersed in the course of the afternoon: and, by the evening, only a few of the most intimate friends of the family remained within the hospitable walls of Castle Mildreth.

And a delightful evening it was, after all the gay bustle of the day had subsided, and those who were left by the retreating tide of visitors found themselves quietly and easily gathered around one of the most refined and hospitable hearths of hospitable England. Of the gossip that went on by the flickering firelight in Lady Mildreth's boudoir, to which by common consent we had adjourned after dinner, as being "pleasanter" than the wide splendor of the drawing-room for so small a party, I have jotted down certain fragments, which I may, perhaps, bring out from my note-book on some future occasion. For the present, the numbering of the page on which I am writing, warns me to bring this already lengthened "yarn" to an immediate ending.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia, which arrived at New York on the 29th ult., brings Liverpool dates to the 17th.

Advices from Hong Kong say that the four great Powers have given the Emperor until the end of March to send Plenipotentiaries to Shanghai. The Chinese were arming around Canton, but the Elders of Fatsham formally declared that it is only for their defence against the rebels, who threaten the city.

Commissioner Yeh reached Calcutta on the 22nd of March, and was kept under close surveillance.

In the British Parliament, Mr. D'Israeli has announced that compensation has been demanded from Naples for the imprisonment of the English engineers, captured on board the steamer Cagliari.

The Western Powers are said to have refused to support Sardinia, in its aggressive measures against Naples.

The French Ambassador, the Duke of Malakoff, arrived in London on the 15th. At Dover he was received with military honors.

The central part of the city of Christiania, Norway, has been destroyed by fire. The Norwegian Credit Bank is burned; the books and valuables, however, were saved.

The Independence Belge says that every effort will be made to settle the dispute between Naples and Sardinia. The King of Holland is likely to be selected as arbitrator.

The Times says the Turkish Government has contracted with England for ten war steamers, of 260 to 800 tons, to establish the Black Sea fleet, allowed by the treaty of Paris.

The advices from all the commercial countries of the continent describe a stagnation of business, and a general exercise of caution.

BOMBAY, March. 24, 3 P. M.—Lucknow fell on the 19th. One hundred and seventeen guns were captured, and about two thousand of the enemy were slain during the siege. Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson were rescued. Eight officers were killed. The whole of the town is in our possession. Major Hodsin killed; Sir William Peel wounded. Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson were brought into Jung Bahadoo's camp unharmed. The townspeople and villagers, being protected, are resuming their occupations. The submission of the principal landowners has been accepted. About fifty thousand of the enemy have escaped, making for Rohilcond and Bundlecund. The army is in pursuit of the rebels.

It is stated that the subscription in Italy and England for Orsini's family exceeds a million of francs.

Madame Orsini has left Paris to return to the Italian village where she has long been established as schoolmistress. Friends of Italian liberty helped to administer all the comforts that lay in their power by subscribing handsomely to the widow and fatherless, and a sum of 2,500 francs was placed in Madame Orsini's hands at the moment of departure, to which the principal subscribers are English.

The Emperor Napoleon has subscribed 10,000 francs to the fund in aid of Lamartine, and not £1,000, as was erroneously reported. The Minister of the Interior has put his name down for 500 francs, and it is reported that the other Secretaries of State will put their names down for a similar sum. The Siecle and the Pays have also subscribed 500 francs each. Prince Jerome Napoleon gives 1,000 francs and his best wishes, in a letter addressed to the Committee by his Secretary.

The Minister of Marine has ordered some trials to be made of flat bottomed steamboats on a new system, which are intended to be used as transports in the Chinese rivers, should it be necessary to make an attack upon Pekin.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says, that a project is before the Senate, which provides that, in future, Senators, councillors of the State, and grand crosses of the legion of honor, are, in case of criminal charges brought against them, to be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals, and be amenable to the high court of justice only. Thus France, with all its democratic notions about equality, will have a privileged body in the State.

In Paris, on the 1st, the monopoly of the butchers ceased, and meat fell one-third in price.

Surveys are now making with a view to the establishment of telegraphic lines along all the principal highways of the empire, so as to put every sub-prefecture in communication with the capital of its department, and all the prefectures in Paris.

The Turin correspondent of the Times says that the conduct of Napoleon III. towards Italy continues to be a subject of speculation, and it was regarded as an enigma which nobody could solve.

LOMBARDY.—The *Gazette da Cologna* says:—Three more regiments have been ordered into Lombardy, as Vienna is alarmed at the symptoms of discontent at Milan and Venice. Scenes of conspirators at the theatres are hailed with hurrahs. The students at Pavia make common cause with those of Padua, and the rising generation are ready to move on the slightest chance.

RUSSIA.—The Gazette of St. Petersburg contains an article which maintains that, by the insurrections of the Christian populations and the absorbing action of Austria, the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire is imminent, unless Europe shall intervene.

The advices from St. Petersburg show that the emancipation question is still the subject of prime interest in that city, and no doubt throughout the empire. Alexander II. is impressed with an idea that progress in Russia can only exist by elevating the people and educating them, in order that the masses may at least approach the intelligence of the western nations. Twenty-two millions of peasants are awaiting these vast reforms, which if completed will in time change the whole character of the Russian empire. Nevertheless, the belief is entertained by cool spectators in the Russian capital, as well as by many persons in this country, that this great effort to abolish serfdom in Russia will fail, as previous efforts have failed.

A report lately presented to Emperor Alexander contains the following statistical returns relative to landed property and serfs in Russia:—The number of families who are landowners amounts to 127,000. Out of these 2,000 possess from 1,000 to 10,000; 2,000 from 500 to 1,000; 18,000 from 100 to 500; 30,000 from 21 to 100; 75,000 have less than 21. The total number of peasant serfs of the nobility amounts to 11,760,000, and those of the Crown to 9,000,000. There are therefore 20,750,000 persons in all.

HOSTILITY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.—The Morning Herald's Paris correspondent writes on the 7th:—"The chief topic of conversation in political circles here is the growing hostility between the two great powers of Eastern Europe. The many Russians in Paris speak of the outbreak of a war as a probable contingency, and it is generally expected that the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg will ere long take his departure from the Russian capital. It is no secret to any one at all conversant with the state of Europe, that for a long time past a feeling of bitter animosity has existed between the two empires, and it is now stated that Russia is eager to take vengeance on her quondom ally for her selfish desertion during the Crimean conflict. The formation of a camp of 100,000 men at Warsaw is pointed to as a preliminary symptom of the bursting of the storm which has long been brewing, and the Austrian occupation of Montenegro is mentioned as a likely pretext for an open rupture."

MARKETS.—*Liverpool, April 16.*—There had been a slight decline on all qualities of Cotton, affecting the inferior grades most, which are ⅛d. lower, while the middlings have declined ¼d. Fair qualities are unchanged.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour is dull. Corn quiet.

PROVISIONS.—Beef is heavy, and lower qualities have declined; quotations are barely maintained. Pork is firm, and holders demand an advance. Bacon is quiet and steady. Lard quiet; buyers demand a reduction; it is quoted at 54s. a55s. Tallow firm.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

NEW YORK, May 1.—The steamship Bremen, left Southampton on the night of the 17th ult., and brings London evening papers of that date.

The trial of Simon Bernard for participation in the attempted murder of the Emperor Napoleon, was concluded on Saturday afternoon. The jury, after a consultation of one hour, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Telegraphic despatches received at London, state that an organized plot in favor of Russia, had been discovered in Circassia, and an Hungarian officer, who was implicated, together with several emissaries, had been condemned to death.

Affairs between Turkey and Montenegro have become so alarming that the Russian Charge at Vienna, had announced that Russia is concentrating troops on the frontier to provide for contingencies.

LONDON, Saturday evening, April 17.—Consols were firmer, closing at 96¼a96⅜.

In her earthy bed beneath the flowers,
My little darling lies;
But from heaven's blue I hear a voice—
'Tis hers. It sweetly says "Rejoice,
I am beyond the skies!"

Beside her grave among the flowers,
I walk with thoughtful tread;
And 'midst the buds beneath my feet,
I hear a whisper fairy-sweet,
"Your darling is not dead!"

—*Ross Dix.*

☞ We do not want precepts so much as patterns, says Pliny; and example is the softest and least invidious way of commanding.

☞ The drop which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but to-morrow thou findest it swept away. Already, on the wings of the north wind, it is nearing the tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is aught that God has made, that is motionless, without force, and utterly dead?—*Carlyle*

☞ My uncle the parson was an adept at the use of the knife and fork. It may be supposed by persons unversed in the science, that the easiest thing in the world is to divide a pair of boiled fowls, and slice up a billet of salted pork. It is not so, my masters. Nothing is easier indeed than to tear the one piece-meal; and maul the other into fragments; but to apply the knife with unerring exactness to the line or point at which the division is most gracefully to be made; to let the detached part take with it the exact proportion of the epidermis that clothed it when upon the bird, and not a jot more; to help bountifully and with a liberal heart, and yet with a discretion and reserve that can always, while anything remains, renew the supply with a part that seems almost as desirable as any that has already been given away—this is CARVING.—*Henry Cary.*

☞ God has appointed certain insects, birds, and beasts to be destroyers. They consume decaying matters; they roll up and feast on filth. To their palate life is unseasoned and insipid, but death has flavor. Such, also, are minor critics in literature, cynics in morals, and heresy-hunters in religion.—*Beecher.*

THE course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such light source,
An infant's hand might stem the breach with clay;
But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy,
Ay, and religion, too, shall strive in vain,
To turn the headlong current.
Our sins, like to our shadows,
When our day is in its glory, scarce appear;
Towards our evening, how great and monstrous!
—*Suckling.*

☞ A man living at a hotel is like a grape-vine in a flower-pot—movable, carried about from place to place, docked at the root and short at the top. Nowhere can a man get real root-room and spread out his branches till they touch the morning and the evening, but in his own house.—*Beecher.*

☞ Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide: him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire.—*Emerson.*

☞ A writer gives the following advice to wives: "Should you find it necessary, as you undoubtedly will, many of you, to chastise your husbands, you should perform this affectionate duty with the soft end of the broom, not with the handle."

☞ A wise man will foresee inconveniences before he makes his bargain; and an honest man will stand to his bargain notwithstanding all inconveniences.—*H. Martes.*

☞ A certain dissatisfied wife says that her husband is such a blunderer, that he can't even try a new boot or shoe on without "putting his foot in it."

☞ In the early part of the American war, Franklin went to Paris, in hopes of obtaining pecuniary resources from France. For some time he was unsuccessful, and being invited to a large party, a gentleman observed, "It must be owned, sir, that America now exhibits to us a grand and magnificent spectacle!" "True," replied the doctor, dryly, "*but the spectators do not pay!*"

"ACTION is life!—'tis the still water faileth!
Inaction ever despaireth—bewaileth!
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth.
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon!
Action is glory!—the flying cloud lightens!
Only the waving wing changes and brightens!
Inaction only the dark future frightens!
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune."

☞ In 1800, Mr. Benjamin Outram, of Little Eaton, Derbyshire, used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails. As this plan was pretty generally adopted, the roads became known as "Outram roads," and subsequently, for brevity's sake, "tram roads."

☞ The Boston Transcript says, in a single building in Boston, one evening last week, there was a prayer meeting on one floor, a boxing exhibition in the room above, and a calico ball in the upper hall. A passage from one room of the edifice to another would have given a good illustration of Pope's line:—

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

☞ When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head, till it seems to have given up the ghost, and lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever.—*Bulwer.*

☞ All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind, have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

The steamship Moses Taylor, at New York, from Aspinwall, brings California dates to the 5th ult. She left Aspinwall on the 19th ultimo, and brings over 500 passengers, and nearly $1,500,000 in treasure.

There has been a great amount of rain during the fortnight, probably nearly four inches, and it has visited all parts of the State. Before this rain, a severe drought had been felt in all the southern counties, and much harm was done to the crops, the grain in some places heading out, while the stalks were scarcely six inches high.

About the 20th ult., there was a heavy frost, which did serious injury to the young fruit, and there is danger that the peach orchards from Red Bluffs to Santa Cruz will furnish little fruit this year.

An effort is making to have the capital of the State removed to Oakland.

The Assembly has under consideration a bill to prohibit the immigration of free negroes.

The people of the town of Mariposa are making an effort to drive the Chinese from their place. Many of the citizens have signed a paper promising to have no dealings with the Chinese, and to let no houses to them; but the paper is not binding unless all the citizens sign.

A young man named Heath murdered an Indian at Los Angeles, about the 10th ultimo, by shooting him with a rifle—the muzzle against his breast—while asleep. Heath has been arrested. So far as appears from the statement in the Star, he cannot be convicted, because the only witness to the murder was the Indian's wife, who was at his side when murdered.

Henry A. Bruce was shot and killed near Sacramento on the 26th ult., by John Keller. The difficulty had its origin in jealousy on the part of Keller, who says that Bruce tried to induce his wife to leave him.

Capt. Bennett, of the late brig Cornelia, had been arrested at San Francisco, and held to bail on the charge of having scuttled his vessel at sea, having first robbed her of $50,000 in silver, which he shipped at Mazatlan for San Francisco. The treasure is said to be buried near Cape St. Lucas, to which point the vessel had been sent for its recovery.

A boat containing a load of diseased meat was stopped at Market street wharf on the evening of the 25th, and the putrid stuff thrown overboard. It was intended to be sold in the San Francisco market.

Two hundred Chinese immigrants arrived in San Francisco in the clipper ship Daring, from Hong Kong, on the 18th.

Counterfeit twenties (double eagles) are in circulation. The coins have been sawed through the edges, filled with lead, and remilled. The work is executed so neatly that it is impossible to detect the fraud.

The late banking firm of Messrs. Sather & Church are said to be bringing their affairs to a satisfactory arrangement, and are believed to be about resuming business.

The red petticoat has made its appearance in San Francisco, several ladies having adopted it as a street costume.

The application of several residents of the Twelfth District to have colored children admitted to the school of that district, has been denied by the Board of Education.

The news brought by the steamer John L. Stephens, that the opposition line of steamers had been stopped, created no little excitement in town. There were about fifteen hundred miners here, awaiting a passage, who, on hearing the news, held an indignation meeting on Portsmouth Square, and voted to proceed to San Pedro, whence they intended to start over to Texas. The steamer Senator sailed on the 3rd ult., with a number of the adventurers on board, all of whom refused to go on the mail line, at the raised prices.

During the month of March, out of a population of 80,000, in the city and county of San Francisco, only 98 have died. In February the deaths were 94.

The dates from Oregon are to the 27th ult.

The "Salem" wing of the Democratic party had nominated Lafayette Grover for Congress, and J. M. Whitaker for Governor. They had also unanimously adopted resolutions sustaining Mr. Buchanan's administration.

The advices from the Sandwich Islands, to the 16th of March, contain nothing of importance.

BATTLE IN PERU.—A sanguinary battle took place at Arequipa, on the 7th, between the government forces under Castilla, and the revolutionists, headed by Vivanco. The latter were defeated, and had escaped to Bolivia. Arequipa had been stormed by Castilla. The battle is said to have been terrific. Of one battalion of 600 men, which defended the barricades, all were killed but forty. The steamers Apurimac, Arauco and Lambayeque, had been captured and sent to Callao. The loss on both sides, at the storming of Arequipa was over two thousand killed, and the city was filled with the wounded. The Lizzie Thompson and Georgiana were still held as prizes at Callao, and would be sold. It is said that Castilla intends to push the war into Bolivia, and attempt the overthrow of the Linares government.

There has been an utter want of animation in nearly every department of trade since the departure of the last mail, and previous quotations have been maintained only in articles that were comparatively scarce, while in others, especially in breadstuffs and coal, there has been a marked decline.

The invoices of provisions by the latest arrival from New York and Boston, have been all sold before their arrival. The market for them continues firm.

Mining matters show an improvement, owing to the recent heavy rains; the returns for March showing an increase of fifty per cent. over those of January. There has been no material change in financial matters, and the money market is easy. Loans can be readily made 2a2½ per cent. on merchandise securities.

A WIFE COMPRESSED INTO A RING.—A certain Russian noble, who lately visited Paris, was noticed to be constantly plunged in deep sadness. He wore on his finger a very remarkable ring, large enough for a bracelet, and extended over his hand like a buckler for the ring finger. It was of a greenish color, and was traversed by red veins. It attracted the attention of everybody, but no one was bold enough to interrogate the mysterious stranger, until one day a lady, meeting him in a public parlor, ventured to say, "You wear a very handsome ring." The Russian made a movement, as though he would conceal his hand, but that feeling gave way to a desire to unburden himself. "It is not a ring," he answered, "but a sepulchre!" A shudder passed through the whole company. "This jewel, madame," he continued, "is my wife. I had the misfortune to lose her some years since, in Russia. She was an Italian, and dreaded the icy bed which awaited her after this life. I carried her remains to Germany, where I was acquainted with a celebrated chemist, whom I directed to make of the body a solid substance, which I could always carry about me. Eight days afterwards he sent for me, and showed me the empty coffin, and a horrid collection of instruments and alembics. This jewel was lying on a table. He had, through means of some corrosive substances and powerful pressure, reduced and compressed that which was my wife into this jewel, which shall never more leave me." A *rather* doubtful story—but "strange if true."

COL. FREMONT carried out with him a release given by the United States Government, of all their claim to the mineral wealth in the Mariposa claim; and as the decision of the California Court rested wholly on this United States claim, that decision does not in any way affect Colonel Fremont's title to the mines.

THE SAILING OF THE SWORD.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Across the empty-garden beds,
When the Sword went out to sea,
I scarcely saw my sisters' heads
Bowed each beside a tree.
I could not see the castle-lands,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Alicia wore a scarlet gown,
When the Sword went out to sea,
But Ursula's was russet brown:
For the mist we could not see
The scarlet roofs of the good town,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Green holly in Alicia's hand,
When the Sword went out to sea;
With sere oak-leaves did Ursula stand;
Oh! yet alas for me!
I did but bear a peeled white wand,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Oh, russet brown and scarlet bright,
When the Sword went out to sea,
My sisters were; I wore but white;
Red, brown, and white, are three;
Three damosels; each had a knight,
When the Sword went out to sea.

Sir Robert shouted loud, and said,
When the Sword went out to sea,
"Alicia, while I see thy head,
What shall I bring for thee?"
"Oh, my sweet lord, a ruby red:"
The Sword went out to sea.

Sir Miles said, while the sails hung down,
When the Sword went out to sea,
"Oh, Ursula! while I see the town,
What shall I bring for thee?"
"Dear knight, bring back a falcon brown:"
The Sword went out to sea.

But my Roland, no word he said
When the Sword went out to sea:
But only turned away his head,—
A quick shriek came from me:
"Come back, dear lord, to your white maid;"
The Sword went out to sea.

The hot sun bit the garden-beds,
When the Sword came back from sea;
Beneath an apple-tree our heads
Stretched out toward the sea;
Gray gleamed the thirsty castle-leads,
When the Sword came back from sea.

Lord Robert brought a ruby red,
When the Sword came back from sea;
He kissed Alicia on the head:
"I am come back to thee;
'Tis time, sweet love, that we were wed,
Now the Sword is back from sea!"

Sir Miles he bore a falcon brown,
When the Sword came back from sea;
His arms went round tall Ursula's gown,—
"What joy, oh, love, but thee?
Let us be wed in the good town,
Now the Sword is back from sea!"

My heart grew sick, no more afraid,
When the Sword came back from sea;
Upon the deck a tall white maid,
Sat on Lord Roland's knee;
His chin was pressed upon her head,
When the Sword came back from sea!

A REMINISCENCE OF FIELD LANE.

Field Lane is now a thing of the past. That odd-looking bower of dangling silk-banners, beneath which a colony with villainous faces, stinted in skirt and bare of elbow, burrowed and sweltered in darkness and foul vapors, has at length vanished. London has lost something by the loss of Field Lane. It has not a single slum left to compare with the commercial resorts of Constantinople or Grand Cairo, as Field Lane did, rivalling them in its mingled aspect of brilliancy and squalor, its shady sunlessness, even in the dog days, and its odors so genuinely Asiatic. But nobody need regret that that delectable Goshen has disappeared from the map of London, unless it be for the pickpockets, whose bazaar and sanctuary it was, and who made it so picturesque a garner of their *spolia opima* as to compensate in some degree to the public eye for the solace of which they deprived the public nose. A hundred thousand handkerchiefs per annum, it is said, were bought and sold in Field Lane—all extracted from the pockets of the public by rule of thumb, and all hung up as trophies in that sinuous gallery of banners for the said public to admire, and purchase if they chose. And the public did admire, in their way; that is, they laughed at the impudence of the thing—made of the thief's market a standing joke—in some sense, took a sort of pride in it, and commended it to strangers and country cousins as a lion of a peculiar species; not the real British animal, of course, but yet a smart, plucky beast that scorned to carry his tail between his legs.

I confess, for my part, I never relished the jokes of which this den of rascality was the standing occasion. I had a reason for it. For more than five-and-twenty years I never came within sight of it without a shudder; and never passed, in all that time, its Holborn outlet without involuntarily quickening my pace until it was at least fifty yards in the rear. I am glad at last to see it razed to the ground. You will hardly wonder at that if you read what I am now going to set down.

In the summer of 1832 I was a young blockhead just turned twenty-one; to be sure, what an ass I was, half fop and all fool! I had served my time down in Suffolk (I shan't say where), and had learned my trade as a hairdresser, by dint of seven years' practice, tolerably well. At the expiration of my apprenticeship, I came up to town with all my fortune—above a hundred pounds—in my pocket, intending to see the world and enjoy myself before I settled down to business. I bought a fashionable suit, sported cream-colored gloves, hung a gold guard-chain that cost me ten guineas round my neck, cocked my Paris beaver on one side, and strutted the streets with a tasselled amber-headed cane. Faugh! I almost deserved what I met with.

Well, I did enjoy myself, notwithstanding. Everything was a pleasure to me in those days—and then, as to Vauxhall, the theatres, the dancing-rooms, the free-and-easies, the shades—I thought them Paradise itself. I made friends with some young fellows as silly as myself, and together we flattered ourselves we "did the thing"—and many a preposterous and senseless thing we certainly did.

One day, having made an appointment to dine with one of these chance acquaintances, I was proceeding in full costume along Holborn towards the place of assignation, when a mop-headed, ragged urchin ran against me, and nearly tripped me up; and the next moment I discovered that I had lost my handkerchief from my pocket. I was too green to suspect the little vagabond of having taken it—besides, he had disappeared. The loss was nothing; it was only the trouble of purchasing another. I proceeded onwards on the look-out for a shop, when I came suddenly upon the entrance to Field Lane, which disclosed to my view thousands of handkerchiefs dangling from walls, and lines, and open windows: and up I walked to make my selection. The queer aspect of the place tickled my fancy, and amused me much—the chaffering, squabbling, and bawling—the coarse jokes I heard, the odd faces that peeped out on all sides—the myriads of silken spoils that fluttered around and aloft—all struck me with an agreeable sense of novelty, and, being in no hurry, and thinking I might as well see the whole of it, I wandered from end to end of the lane before troubling myself about the business in hand. The sirens of the place, plump and unctuous, paid me marked attention, and would fain have entrapped me into a bargain, but I was callous to their compliments, and held on my way. Having at length satisfied my curiosity, I retraced my steps, and entering a shop at hazard, demanded to be shown some of the best of the wares. The shop was a sort of shed-looking chamber, which was almost empty: the whole of the merchandise having been transferred to the lines and poles without, where, as it hung thick as leaves on a tree, it completely obscured the view of what was passing in the lane. The man who rose up from behind the counter in answer to my challenge, seemed to my first view all nose and scrubby hair; but a pair of hawk-black eyes twinkled beneath one broad bush of brow that covered them both, and his bristly jaw contorted with a grin as he asked:

"Didg' yer vant de verra best, ma tear?"

Of course I wanted the best, and was not particular as to price.

The fellow eyed me leisurely all over as I gave him to understand that much, and no doubt he took my measure to a hair.

"Doo vill de shentleman shtep into de vareus, and look at some vot is fust-rate?"

He opened a whitewashed door at the end of the shop, and beckoned me to follow. I obeyed; and threading a dark, narrow passage some few paces in length, was shown into a chamber not more than ten feet square, lighted by a small window in the roof, and totally empty, with the exception of what seemed a huge seaman's chest, a short bench, and some tools and billets of wood lying about, together with a dozen or so of big square paving-stones, which seemed to have been brought in from Holborn, which was then undergoing repair.

The Jew produced a bunch of keys from his pocket, and ejaculating: "Ha, ha, ma tear! I shall show yer de pootiful gootah!" began fumbling at the lock of the chest, to open it. But somehow it would not open, and defied all his efforts, till the fellow began to curse the lock, and work himself into a passion with it. He stamped and bawled, and anathematized some absent old woman, who, he swore bitterly, had been meddling, and had hampered the lock.

At first the fellow's antics amused me: but all at once it struck me that the passion was unnatural and feigned; and now the queer reports I had heard of London traps and villainies rushed to my recollection, and I began immediately to suspect that all was not as it should be. I turned towards the door, intending to regain the shop, when it suddenly flew open, and a figure in the guise of an old woman, supporting herself on a crutch, barred the way.

I say, in the guise of an old woman; for if that apparition was of the female sex, then I am the man in the moon. I had mown too many masculine beards during the last seven years to be mistaken on that point: the seeming old woman was a sturdy ruffian of forty, not two hours shaved—I saw it at a glance; and the sight sent all the blood in my veins bounding back to its source.

The Jew launched a torrent of abuse at his confederate, and demanded the key of the chest. I was too much preposssessed to note his acts or to hear much he said. I endeavored to maintain a careless air, but could not withdraw my gaze from the pretended old woman. I heard the box-lid thrown back, and the voice of the Jew extolling the wares within. I made a feint of turning to look at them; and at the same moment I saw the petticoated ruffian feeling with his left hand for what seemed a fragment of a broomstick, which leaned against the wall behind the door. Something—perhaps my better angel—gave me courage. I dashed at the object myself, and seized it firmly in my grasp—*it was a painted bar of iron*. My worst suspicions were confirmed in an instant; and at the same moment the villains who had me in their toils, threw off the mask. The bigger ruffian lifted his crutch with both hands, and aimed a savage blow, which I luckily caught on the iron bar, and which shivered the crutch to fragments. Almost at the same moment the Jew grappled me by the throat. I dashed the heel of the bar into his face, and he flew to the end of the room, carrying my lavender-silk neck-tie and diamond pin in his hand. I expected the bulkier assassin would close; but, instead of that, he planted his back against the door—now firmly shut—and shielded himself with the remnant of his crutch. No time was to be lost—the Jew would recover himself, and return to the attack in an instant—heavy tools were lying about—I should be beaten down and slain. Madly I rushed towards the door, and was in the act of poising my weapon for a blow which should crush the skull of the burly ruffian, spite of his fence, when suddenly the whole scene shot upwards into the air; the last thing I saw was the fire-flashing eye and demoniac grin of my opponent—and I was falling, falling in a gulf of pitchy darkness.

Men of genius talk and write very fine things about the wonderous celerity of thought, and the freaks of imagination and memory under certain circumstances. I don't understand that kind of subject myself; but it's all true they say, nevertheless. In those most horrible moments I saw myself a child in arms—a boy at school—an apprentice, shaving my master's customers in the old shop—and, what is more, I saw myself dead and dashed to pieces at the bottom of a frightful dungeon, and my mangled body stripped and plundered, and then packed away in a hole, out of the world for ever.

But this terrible vision was not destined to be realized. Instead of dashing on the floor of a dungeon, I fell souse into a mass of filthy fluid, the odor of which informed me at once that I had been hurled into the common sewer. The drain was deep, and I had to exercise some skill as a swimmer before I found my feet. Even then I stood up to the armpits in the vile liquid, the effluvia of which threatened to poison me with every breath I drew. Happily, I had suffered no serious bodily injury by my fall, the force of which had been neutralised by the water. I looked up just as the trap-door through which I had descended was in the act of closing—saw it raised to its level, and heard the villains slipping the bolt that secured it. What was to be done? I gave myself up for lost. If I cried out, none were likely to hear me save the fiends who compassed my destruction, which any alarm on my part would only goad them to complete. I had not relinquished the iron bar, but still clutched it mechanically, and I now began groping with it in the dense darkness, to ascertain, if possible, in what direction to proceed, to escape, if it might be, from the ruffians' power. I found that I stood in the centre of the channel, in which a slow current ran in one direction, as I judged towards the river. The water shallowed towards the sides. I crept involuntarily to the side furthest from the trap above my head, where the flood scarcely reached to my knees. A deadly shiver came over me, and I felt about with my hands for some place of rest, as I fancied my senses were leaving me. Thank Heaven, that did not take place! A rough sort of buttress of old brickwork projected from the bank, and in the angle of that I crouched half in the water and tried to collect my wandering faculties. I was hardly ensconced in this position, when a dull gleam shimmered faintly on the surface of the filthy water. I knew it must come from the trap-door overhead, and waited in horror for what it might portend—half-expecting to see the ruffian masquerader descend, knife in hand, to make sure of his work. I held my breath, for I knew that the villains were listening, and that the slightest sound from me would seal my doom. Then I heard a lumbering noise above, and the next moment down came a shower of the monster paving-stones, which would have crushed the life out of an ox had they fallen upon him. Then the trap closed once more, and again all was darkness.

How long I crouched there, devoured with terror and apprehension, I cannot say. To me it appeared an age; it may not have been a dozen minutes. I had come to the conclusion that there I should die, and rot piecemeal, and never be discovered; and there I should have died, it is my opinion, if a new cause of apprehension had not roused me. While I was in the lowest state of despondency, a red gleam shot along the dark water, from the distance of some thirty feet up the stream. I looked, and there, through a hole in the overhanging arch, caused by knocking out a few bricks, appeared the face of the Jew, still bleeding from the compliment I had administered, and wild with mingled rage, pain, and anxiety. The wretch held a horse-pistol in one hand, and in the other a lantern furnished with a bull's-eye, which threw its searching rays to whatever point he turned it. I was sure now that my hour was come; but, lo! when the flash was turned in my direction, its full force fell on the intervening buttress, and by lying still as I was, I could remain effectually concealed.

Through a small crevice I watched the face of the Jew, as he turned his piercing eyes in every direction, and thought I read in it at length his conviction that I had perished—a conclusion to which he may have been helped by the sight of my hat cast up in the shallows on one side. In that case, I asked myself, what would he do? Would he not descend with his comrade to find and plunder my body? I had not a doubt of it—and my only chance lay in making my escape before they executed their purpose. The light which had shown me the Jew's face had shown me also something of the bearings of my prison. I saw that I could not proceed down the stream without getting into deeper water, but that upwards the depth was nothing—the flow rippling over stones and offal that lay in its course. Therefore, as soon as the Jew had disappeared, I rose cautiously from my position, and groped my way through the rayless gloom against the course of the current. I still retained my weapon, and it stood me in good stead as I held it above my head, by warning me when to stoop and save my hare scalp from the impending brickwork. When once fairly out of hearing and sight-range of my persecutors, a fact of which I was aware from the angular course I followed, my spirits began to revive within me, and something like hope once more dawned upon my mind.

To my great relief, I found as I proceeded that the horrible gloom grew less dense, partly, perhaps, because my sight was becoming habituated to it, but partly also because a few rays streamed in here and there through some of the side-gullies of the drain, the ends of which were separated but by a grating from the street, but which were all too narrow to admit the passage of my body. At first, all I cared for was to hasten on and on, away and still further away from the blood-thirsty assassins. Once or twice the main channel, or what appeared to be such, had branched off into other channels as large or nearly so. This gave me some comfort, as in the case of pursuit my pursuers might select the wrong track, and thus miss me. I had hurried onwards for some hours, and felt the murderous den some miles behind before my limbs began to fail me, and I found myself compelled to stop to recruit my strength by rest. I sat down by a side-drain whence a few rays of light shone in, and resting my head upon my knees, allowed the current to flow under my legs. I could hear above my head the noise of the traffic that rolled along the streets, the rattle of wheels, and the pat, pat of innumerable feet—and the tears now for the first time started in my eyes, as I wondered whether I should ever again be restored to the busy world above. This melancholy temper of mind was, however, put to flight by the teeth of a huge rat, which had fastened on my ankle with the gripe of a vice. I had to crush the fellow with my weapon before he would let go, and the next minute had to do battle with hundreds more, which swarmed upon me from all quarters, dashing at my face and hands, and falling on my neck from the roof, which was too low to permit me to stand upright. I must have smashed fifty of them at least before the troop withdrew from me to regale themselves on their dead companions, and allowed me to pursue my way.

This assault deterred me from proceeding further in the same direction, and I resolved to retrace my steps, and try another turning which I had marked about an hour before. One hope had haunted me all along, since I had shaken off the fear of being murdered. I had seen the day before in that neighborhood a part of the street ripped up for the repair of the main sewer. If I could find that spot, my deliverance would be effected. I could think of no other chance, and naturally clung to that with the tenacity of despair. With an eye to the rate in my progress, I regained the place I sought, and groped along as fast as I could. From the increased noise overhead, and the almost utter absence of light, owing to the length of the side-drains, I gathered that I was traversing one of the grand thoroughfares of the city. Several times I halted, and shouted at the top of my voice at the embouchure of the tributary drains; but no reply ever reached my ears, and I desisted at length in utter hopelessness of making myself heard. I knew by this time, from the hours I had been under ground, that the evening must be drawing in, and I looked for nothing less than passing the night, which, I was convinced, would be the last of my existence, in this living tomb. I knew that as soon as I succumbed to fatigue, I should be devoured by the swarms of rats; and already I felt exhausted in every faculty of my body.

Conceive my joy, if you can, when, on a chance look backwards in the direction I had come, I perceived at no great distance, and framed in the black circle of surrounding darkness, the figure of a man carrying an old horn-lantern swung from his neck, with a basket at his back, a bag at his girdle, a cage full of live rats in one hand, and a staff in the other. He was attended by a savage-looking bull terrier, which came scouring towards me open mouthed, and seemed inclined to resent my trespass on his warren. Never, perhaps, did mortal man rejoice more devoutly than I did at the presence of this strange and unlooked-for apparition. The man, bare to the hips, was a mass of filth and rags; yesterday, I would not have spoken to him on any consideration to be mentioned; but now, I could have pressed him to my heart, or kissed the tattered hem of his garments. I am not sure I did not do something as foolish the moment my trembling limbs had carried me to his side.

The honest fellow did not at all reciprocate my earnestness. Holding me off at arm's-length, he held up his lantern for a good view, and deliberately surveyed me from head to foot.

"Blest if't ain't a reg'lar swell!" he ejaculated at length. "Why, what the doose makes the likes of you down in the shore? an' where's yer dog, man alive? Come into the shore without no'er a dog! it's a wonder the rats han't eat ee hup!"

"I didn't come here of my own accord," I said. "Show me the way out, and I'll pay you well."

"Well, hang me if I knows what to make on it. Not come in o' yer hone accord! How was it then? You've a been here ever since one o'clock, anyhow."

"No, I have not—it was after three o'clock when I got here."

"That's onpossible. Tide was a-comin' in then, an' it ain't gone down yet."

"Will you guide me out, and take a guinea for your trouble?" I said, impatiently.

"In course I guides you out, whether I will or not—cos if you follers me, you gits out when I do; but we can't go out till the tide's gone down—an' that won't be for this hour, I reckon. What I wants to know is how you got in—cos it looks queer, yer see. Here, take a swig o' this here, an' tell us all about it."

He produced a pocket-flask as he spoke, and glad enough I was to take a pull at the fiery spirit it contained, and which almost in a moment gave me new life.

"That's the sort to keep the stench out of a feller's stomick, ain't it?" he said, with a grin, as he followed my example. "Now for it. Let's sit down here—my basket's seat enough for two—an' tell us how the doose a gemman like you comes a sheerin' of it."

Without more ado, I told my story as the reader already knows it, to the unqualified amazement and indignation of the hearer.

I shall not repeat his comments on the narrative.

"The bloody-minded villins!" he concluded; "won't you hang 'em?"

"That I certainly will, if I can lay hold of them," was my reply.

"An' I'll go on an' see 'em swing—blest if I don't."

"And you," said I—"how came you here? You seem to be quite at home in this horrible place."

"Oh," said he, "the place is well enough, if that's all—only wish I had it all to myself, an' no hinterlopers. Yer see, I'm a shore-hunter for many a long year. All a feller finds down here is his own, an' nobody thinks of claimin' it agin—wouldn't git it if they did, I reckon."

"But what can you possibly find here besides the rats—and what use are they?"

"Ah, that's your high'rauts! What can I find! Heverything as comes down—leave me alone to find it—spoons, cheyney, money, silver thimbles. I've found a shillin' an' four sixpences to-day, only three on 'em's bad une. I've found many a good sovring in my time, an' more bad uns. Then I snares the rats, an' them's eightpence a dozen for killin' wi' the dogs. Then there's the rags an' linen, lots o' that—an what d'ye think o' plate? Many's the table-spoon I've had, an' tea-spoons too, an' many a silver snuff-box. I know'd a chap as found a gravy-spoon as weighed six ounces, an' a gold lady's watch worth seben pound. Poor arow, he was too greedy, he was—he got shut in here wi' the tide one night without his dog, an' hanged if the rats didn't eat him hup all but his bones. It's the truth I'm a tellin' yer. I helped to git all that was left of him out myself, an' we had to put the bones in a basket; they was all picked clean in a single night. There! I can't abear to think on it. Poor Bill."

This sort of revelation did not tend to reanimate my courage, and I was glad when the man rose, and whistling to his dog, proposed to go.

"The tide will be low enough to let us out," he said, "by the time we gits to the Thames, so we may as well be trackin' it."

"And which way do you go?" I inquired.

"The way you came," he said; "there is no tother way."

"I can't, I can't attempt it," I cried—and I really could not; my flesh crept with horror at the idea.

The man lifted his lantern to my face, and marking my evident terror, began to scratch his head and mutter to himself.

"There is another way," I said, "they are repairing the sewer somewhere hereabout—surely you can find the place."

"Them repairs is done, an' closed up last night. But never say die! You said a guinea, didn't yer?" he asked, in a decided way.

"Yes, two. Put me above ground, and the money is yours."

"Come along, then," he rejoined. "step out arter me, an' I'll make it all right."

He held up his lantern, and struck into a sort of ambling run. I kept close to his heels, and the dog ran yelping before. We soon came to the main drain—descended it some quarter of a mile, then entered an arch to the right, to traverse which we had to stoop to a sitting posture. After a course of more than half an hour at the best speed we could make, my guide stopped at a low outlet not more than twenty inches in diameter, and divesting himself of his various burdens, began to crawl up the orifice, telling me not to follow him, but to wait his return. In less than a minute he bawled out: "It's all right;" and the moment after, to my indescribable satisfaction, I heard him talking with some one above ground. I waited with what patience I could, but thought the conference would never have an end. At length my deliverer came sliding back again, heels foremost. His reappearance was followed by the sound of blows and the clang of crowbar on the grating above. My guide now held out his hand for the promised reward.

"Will you not also escape this way?" I asked.

"No," said he; "couldn't git my traps through. Besides, the old coman'll be lookin' out for me at the river-side, an' she'll be wondrin' where the doose I'm got to. You're all right now. Just crawl up the drain, an' there you are; there's enough on 'em, I reckon, up there to fish yer out."

Having recompensed my deliverer beyond his expectations, I followed his directions, more in a dream than with my real consciousness of what I was doing. I was hauled out, more dead than alive, at the corner of a narrow lane, among a crowd of people assembled to witness my resurrection. I had barely sense enough to make known the address of my landlord, to whose house I was conveyed, I believe, in a cart, upon a bed of straw, after several drivers of cabs and hackney-coaches had declined the honor of my custom.

It was night before I reached home; and from that hour until full two months after, the day and the night were all alike to me, for I was raging in the delirium of fever, and declaiming horrible narratives of murder, darkness, and skeleton victims, and rats, and gravy-spoons. My poor old mother had to come up from Suffolk to take possession of me. But at last I got well again, in spite of the doctor who dosed me six times a day, and of the nurse, who crammed the mother with the notion that, because in my delirium I talked of rats, I was doomed to death.

The first thing I did when I recovered was to hunt up the ruffians who had thought to murder me. I got officers from Bow Street, and invaded Field Lane with the authority of the law. It was all to no purpose. Not only could I not find the villains themselves, but I could not identify even the scene of their atrocity. A perfect stranger to the place, I could only guess at its precise locality—of course could not swear to it. There was no such inner apartment as I described to be found—no trap-door to be discovered in any of the floors; in fact, the whole scene which my terror had indelibly imprinted on my memory, had all vanished together, and the search had to be given up.

The explanation of this seeming mystery must be referred to the time I had lain on a sick-bed, during which the report of my escape may have reached my intending murderers—and it is likely enough that my deliverer may have talked of his adventure, and so put the assassins on their guard. Thus they had time, and to spare, to effect the metamorphosis of their premises, which deceived the officers of justice, and thus facilitated their escape from the gallows they so richly deserved.

Since then, the doubt has often crossed my mind whether the police of Bow Street really believed the strange story I told them. Be that as it may, the reader may rely upon its accuracy so far as my memory serves me at this distance of time—and he will hardly wonder that I do not regret the final erasure of Field Lane from the list of metropolitan lions.

THE VALUE OF THE BAROMETER; KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—It is a circumstance that cannot be too generally known, that before the commencement of the late storms on the northern coasts, which caused the loss of a large number of brave fishermen, one village avoided the disaster through the inhabitants being better educated than in other places near; they understood the working of the barometer, and believed in it. In consequence of the aspect of this instrument, the men determined not to venture to sea; and it "would have been well," says a northern contemporary, "if they had also taken the precaution to drag their boats out of danger," and then they would have escaped without the destruction of either property or life.—*English Paper.*

☞ A cotemporary, noticing the appointment of a friend as Postmaster, says: "If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTRY WIND.

"SIR,—I have lived to see and hear a great many strange things, but I never expected to live to hear an English poet sing the praises of the North-East Wind, as I am amazed to find the Rev. Charles Kingsley has been doing. What does the man mean? Has he a nerve in his body? Is he susceptible of catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, and the other ills that miserable flesh is heir to in this climate? Has he a constitution of cast iron, a skin of triple brass, and muscles of steel wire? Does he not know what it is, as he lies in bed of a morning, to feel that twinge of indescribable all-overishness, which announces that the East Wind is blowing outside the house? Does he not feel his eyes smart, his skin scorch and shrivel, his every limb ache, appetite go, and his temper break down altogether, whenever this same abominable wind prevails, as it does three days out of four in this infernal climate of ours?

"I say again, what does the man mean by it? I am told he is the poet of a school of muscular Christians! I hate your muscular people—they are, as a rule, impudent, blustering, loud, and overbearing. They grate on one's nerves. They act upon one a good deal as the East Wind itself does—set one longing to be wrapped up warm, and rolled away into a corner, or at all events buried, it matters little how, out of the misery of this dreary world—and as if it is not enough to have to endure the East Wind, I must submit to have it sung, celebrated, praised, rejoiced in, made much of!—No, sir, if we are to have a song of the North East Wind, I submit that mine is more the thing than Mr. Kingsley's, and therefore beg to enclose it for your journal, which has occasionally, though at distant intervals, beguiled a miserable half-hour for, *Mr. Punch*

"Your dyspeptic reader,

"MISERIMUS MEAGRESON."

MY SONG OF THE NORTH EAST WIND.

Hang thee, vile North Easter:
Other things may be
Very bad to bear with,
Nothing equals thee.
Grim and gray North Easter,
From each Essex-bog,
From the Plaistow marshes,
Rolling London fog—
"Tired we are of summer"
Kingsley may declare,
I give the assertion,
Contradiction bare;
I, in bed, this morning
Felt thee as I lay:
"There's a vile North Easter
Out of doors to-day!"
Set the dust-clouds blowing
Till each face they strike,
With the blacks is growing
Chimney-sweeper like.
Fill our rooms with smoke-gusts
From the chimney-pipe,
Fill our eyes with water,
That defies the wipe.
Through the draughty passage
Whistle loud and high,
Making door and windows
Rattle, flap and fly;
Hark, that vile North Easter
Roaring up the vent,
Nipping soul and body,
Breeding discontent!
Squall, my noisy children;
Smoke, my parlor grate
Scold, my shrewish partner;
I accept my fate.
All is quite in tune with
This North Eastern blast;
Who can look for comfort
Till this wind be past?
If all goes contrary,
Who can feel surprise,
With this rude North Easter
In his teeth and eyes?
It blows much too often,
Nine days out of ten,
Yet we boast our climate,
Like true English men!
In their soft South Easters
Could I bask at ease,
I'd let France and Naples
Bully as they please,
But while this North Easter
In one's teeth is hurled,
Liberty seems worth just
Nothing in the world.
Come, as came our fathers
Heralded by thee,
Blasting, blighting, burning
Out of Normandie.
Come and flay and skin us,
And dry up our blood—
All to have a Kingsley
Swear it does him good!

—*London Punch.*

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.—The last sermon preached by Father F., in Paris, has given cause of reprimand from high ecclesiastical authorities. The father is remarkable for his great severity towards the ladies, and, on this occasion proved himself not only severe but indiscreet, having divulged many of the little secret artifices with which they seek to lead men captive, and entangle their souls to perdition. "See you the blackness of the eyelids, my brethren? It is produced by *kohl*. It gives a modest, downcast look. How much will that look be more downcast still when appearing before a stern judge? Look at the bloom upon the cheek; it is produced by a rouge! There will be no need of artificial blushes when the shame is divulged, before the whole of mankind, upon the judgment day. Observe the pure, shining forehead; it is produced by the artificial straining of the hair—it gives that look of astonishment which must have struck you all; but how much more astonished will they appear who hear the dread sentence which condemns them, for these sins, to everlasting punishment!" And in this strain did the father proceed to other details, equally instructive, but less admissible to divulgation in public, and which caused the wags to wonder in their turn where so pious and righteous a man could have obtained his information.

☞ We sometimes imagine that our thoughts are new, because we cannot tell how they have been fixed in the intellect. But there is very little of newness under the sun. Much of the science of the present time has its roots far back in the past. Layard's researches at Nineveh exhumed a civilization of more ancient date than the Ninevite.—*Emerson.*

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

SONG OF THE WESTERN PIONEERS.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Descendants of Israel Ludlow, a Pioneer of 1788.

I.

A song of the early times out West,
And our green old forest home,
Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
Across the bosom come!
A song for the free and gladsome life,
In those early days we led,
With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
And a smiling heaven o'er head!
Oh! the waves of life danced merrily,
And had a joyous flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

II.

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
The captured elk or deer;
The camp, the big bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer;
The sweet, sound sleep at dead of night,
By our camp fire blazing high,
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
Oh! merrily passed the time, despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

III.

We shunned not labor; when 'twas done
We wrought with right good will;
And for the homes we won for them,
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met;
And fires of love were kindled there,
That burn as warmly yet.
Oh! pleasantly the stream of life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

IV.

We felt that we were fellow men;
We felt we were a band,
Sustained here in the wilderness
By Heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn Sabbath came,
We gathered in the wood,
And lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only good.
Our temples then were earth and sky;
None others did we know,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

V.

Our forest life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round:
But here amid the green old trees,
We freedom sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings, wintry blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan;
We cared not, though they were but frail.
We felt they were our own.
Oh! free and manly lives we led,
Mid verdure or mid snow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

VI.

But now our course of life is short;
And as from day to day
We're marching on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another land, more bright than this,
To our dim sight appears,
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be Pioneers.
Yet while we linger we may all
A backward glance still throw
To the days when we were Pioneers,
Fifty years ago.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

It was morning when I began my journey, but I had to travel several miles through the bush before reaching the water, then to wait awhile for a boat, so that it was nearly night before I reached Sydney. By that time my old feeling of hopelessness had come back. With such a rebuff from the ranks of labor at the offset, and a whole day to meditate it over, how could it be otherwise? It was as yet the very infancy of Will and Self-guidance with me: the first attempt I had ever made to direct my course by the consultations of foresight, prudence and virtue. How often do men censure each other for not adopting some important mental condition, very different from their natural one. Such changes may be desirable, but are they in our power as a general thing? I think not. There ought to be something reliable in the words of one who speaks from the experience of nearly half a century; and I assure my readers that I know of but one method of overcoming the evil habitudes of our mental being. It is morning prayer. I do not mean merely saying prayers; but trustfully, consciously, actually giving ourselves and our affairs over into the hands of the Father of Spirits. I am sure, by positive experience, that He does then really take charge of us and them, modelling them into forms which otherwise they would by no means assume, and infusing into us a divine afflatus, counteractive of natural inclination. It was not till long after I was trying to be a Christian, that I found this out: but immediately I theorized to the principle I began to put it in force, and I presently found the soundness of the doctrine from the effects. A most unmistakeable alteration took place in both my personal feelings and my prospects.—What led me to see the importance of morning prayer—but I mean real prayer—intelligent request to a real and Almighty Being—was this consideration. How can I expect the blessing of the Almighty Ruler on any day, when I undervalue His power and His blessing so far as not to feel it worth my while to spend a few minutes in invoking it? The discovery, I testify, was such an important one to myself, both in worldly and spiritual concerns, that if I were confined to the one or the other alternative of leaving my children a large fortune or an acquaintance with this single secret, I should not hesitate an instant in choosing the latter. The fortune would not save their souls: but the secret would both secure their soul's eternal welfare, and in all probability conduct them to fortune also.

Meantime, too spiritless with my solitary two dollars to seek a more respectable place of abode, back I went to the Sheer Hulk. But would I let unpropitious circumstances trample me down thus now? Oh, no, reader. But why? Because I have found out by reiterated experiences, that God does certainly listen to our prayers. If I were in the same circumstances now, I would go and do what I knew to be morally and religiously best, and tell my difficulty to our Father in heaven; and I should trouble myself no more about the result, for I should be just as sure that He would bring me triumphantly through, either by means of some expected mutation of circumstances, or by inwardly impelling my powers into activity at a juncture from which some great radical change could be initiated—just as sure that the desired reasonable effect would follow, as when I took up my axe, or saw, or plane, or pen, or printer's composing-stick, or the alombic, or the terniquet, or drew out the compass to guide me through the woods:—just as sure of getting my result, as I should be of erecting a perpendicular on a given right line by following the course pointed out to me by the father of geometry. It is positively the case that there is no difference between all these instrumentalities and prayer, except that all these are adapted to minor uses, and that is the one appointed for the greatest of all uses—viz: the securing Infinite help when finite strength and sagacity fail. And He who ordained the one class, is likewise the ordainer of the other. The same intelligent Almighty Power that ordained the physical man in such wise that he can effect certain lower results by his lower instrumentalities: by his axe, his alembic, his helm, his compass, his geometry, did, to an absolute certainty, also ordain the spiritual man, so that by the instrumentality of prayer he can effect the very greatest of results, and *fear no evil*. It is all one system, on the one principle, from One Great Source.

The reader will easily see that these memoirs would be quite unworthy of the labor of composing them, but for the moral conclusions which they are probably more than ordinarily calculated to bring forward and enforce. Therefore I trust the digressions from the mere narrative will not prove tedious to him. I know that if the young reader can be persuaded to peruse those conclusions more carefully than even the narrative, he will say in the end that he is well repaid for his extra trouble.

In a few days I was again without funds. But I was worse than without funds; I was without heart; I had lost my hope of success in my last resource, which I had so confided in. After being told that I could not work, I felt ashamed to undertake to do so again. It seemed so clear that I had been told only the truth, that I felt as if to pretend to offer myself in the same capacity again would be like, if it would not indeed be, playing the part of an impostor.

When my last shilling was paid for food, too proud to scheme, I walked away into the hot, dusty, busy streets. I know not how many times that day I traversed the whole town; how many times I walked through the markets, how many times I sat for a few minutes on the wharves. What an intolerable length seemed that day! Yet how fearful seemed the approaching homeless night. And such was my pride at this period that I could far better have endured the sufferings of starvation than submitted to beg in any manner. I often felt that the bodily pain of starving was a very insignificant thing in presence of the mental wretchedness I experienced; but submitting to beg, and thus escape from them, I never so much as thought of.

Toward the middle of the afternoon I became very thirsty. The harbor water was salt. I recollected a fine, cool spring in the woods on the shore a little way out of the town. Thither I proceeded. Every joint ached with weariness and pain. The sun sank low; reached the wood-crested hills; lingered, as it seemed, awhile, to shed its parting benison on the busy, toiling world; and disappeared. I lay there still resting my head upon my hand, watching the great world-lamp as it withdrew to share its light to other lands; wondering what I had to do or could ever have to do either with its being here or being away; sometimes thinking of home, but only angrily, with no relentings, admitting it only as farther matter for wonder and skepticism. Why had I had such a home, if this was to be the end of all? Why had I learned all I had learned, if it could help me no better than this? What was the good of education? What was the good of religion? What was the good of existence? What was the good of anything?

It grew dark, and I lay there still. The surface in Australia is almost always so dry that you may recline or even sleep on it without danger. Nor does the night air, even when the nights are dewy, prove injurious to persons in health. Many a night in after years, when the salubrity of the climate had become known to me, and I had become accustomed to live more alone, have I lain down beneath a tree without fire and slept comfortably till morning.

But this was my first night's repose out of doors and I was depressed in spirits; thus I began very soon to feel chilly. But by and bye I heard a party of drunken Aborigines carousing, and descried the fire of their camp about a furlong distant. It was a welcome discovery. I wanted warmth; and I wanted to get rid of the useless and oppressive load of thought. Speedily, therefore, I made my way across to their fire; amused myself with the novel scene till far in the night; and at length slept.

Cold and spiritless and stiff in the limbs with the exhausting toil, without food, of the day before, I awoke in the morning. It was only gray dawn. Till the sun was far above the horizon, I continued to sit by the camp fire.—These savages rarely make huts. When the rains are severe—which, however, is but seldom—they strip a sheet or two of bark from some adjacent tree, and prop it in a slanting direction, so as to keep the wind and rain from themselves, and partly shelter their fire. If there are more than one family, a little half circle of those gunyahs forms on the windward side, each having its own little fire in front. Ordinarily, they merely make small fires, and sleep all around with their feet toward each fire. They are a very low order of the human species, and in old age incredibly ugly.

Again I went into the town. Another long, long, sultry, dusty day, did I pursue life's hard march through those busy, bustling *streets*.—Every one his work, every one his home, every one his food, but myself. Yet no thought, incomparable fool that I was, of prayer to Him who gave me being, in whose hands were my life and breath and all besides.

Towards night came on one of the thunderstorms of the country, with the usual short warning, and mighty elemental convulsion.—From a high ground where I was, I could see all around. The sky reverberated and the earth shook with the crashing peals, as if the whole planetary system were shaking into fragments. The flashes were blinding, as the short lightning fell; the rapid chain lightning, darting in an inappreciable instant of time down through the murky blue haze of the lower sky, seemed to cut a fissure that reached for millions of miles back into space; and where the combustion of the terrible fluid took a horizontal course, it glided and sprang along the ridges of the hills just outside the town like a great fiery serpent.

One of the streets that ran transversely over the promontory is called Church Hill, from a church nearly at its summit. There I stood looking down on the waters of both harbors. They lay still as death; not a ripple moving their surface, black blue, murky as Acheron.—Presently a wild howl of the wind, and then the volley of icy mitraille—enormous hailstones, falling in long, oblique lines, close as the flakes of a snow storm, and yet with such force as to rebound several feet; the rising and the falling mingling with each other, so as to present to the eye what seemed like a solid wall, through which no object on the opposite side of the road could be seen.

When the hail came on, I hastened into an unfinished new house, one of a row of three such buildings on the hill. The howl of the wind, the din of the hail on the roofs, and the universal crash of the glass on the side of the houses facing the career of the storm, combined into an uproar of sound such as I never heard before or since. Afterwards followed a lesser hail; and finally a drenching, steady rain. The sun was set; the gloomy, desolate twilight settled into night; not a living thing appeared in the wet, torrent-swept street; the wind had ceased to blaster, but the dreary plash and patter of the rain kept on. A few shavings beneath a carpenter's bench were my bed. Food I had none. My sustenance lay only in summoning into exercise an indomitable fortitude. Forgetting the past, resisting all thought about the future, my whole energy found itself amply tasked in withstanding the crush of the present. E. A. I thought of no more; had no desire to see her again; would not have seen her again; would have resisted all impact of our destinies. As some lost seraph in the hoary ages of preterrean story, moping his eternity away amidst infernal wildernesses, may have thought of friend or brother, still amidst the host of heaven, and felt to be worthy to be blessed, so I thought of her.

And now follows next in the order of events a little incident which I should feel inclined to omit, as liable to bring upon me the very wholesome sneer which falls to the lot of such as trumpet their own praise, were it not that the narration of it is indispensable to a correct delineation of the features of my character at this time, and necessary to show that a religious and moral education, however erroneous and fanatically conceived, has still its great and beneficial qualities. The rain ceased somewhere about ten o'clock, and a thick mist took its place. Feeling that the sleep into which I was disposed to settle had that sort of deliriousness about it which is usually consequent on extreme hunger, I would not give way to it. I got up from my wooden bed and determined to have a walk round the town. There was no one in the street, not a light was to be seen, not a sound broke the stillness. Half way down the hill I came to a large dark object, lying on the side of the road. On going close to it I found it was a man in the condition so expressively called "dead drunk." He had had one of his larger pockets, it would seem, perfectly stuffed with dollars, and there they lay, poured out on the ground beside him. It was not till after ten minutes' persistence that I got him aroused. I might have taken every dollar. But though on the point of starving, I never thought of taking even one. I will not say that the consciousness that it could be done did not enter my mind, for it certainly did. But along with it came also the feeling that it was better to face any extent of disaster than do a thing so mean. At length I got him up, helped him to his own door, saw him safely into the care of a young lady that I suppose was his wife; accepted her thanks as my sufficient recompense—for she knew that if the Sydney constables had found him they would have shared his dollars among them and put him in the lock-up till morning. Then away with me once more, into the grim, grim night, and no more thought about that matter.

After awhile I returned to my primitive bed, and slept till the sun was high in the heavens. The work of the building was at a temporary stand; so no one had disturbed me. Repose and the change of weather had greatly relieved the uneasy sensations of inanition. The only physical ailment that I felt consisted in a sort of light-headedness. Merely from an inclination to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the cheerful dancing of the waves beneath the ruffling breeze and morning sun, I strolled over the hill to the Market Wharves. I sat there awhile on some piles of lumber; and when I began to feel chilly, got up and walked on toward the end of the promontory. Some distance along the shore, at the gorge of one of the roughest dells that break down from the summit, I came to a kiln of shells burning for lime. Here I stopped to warm myself. At the juncture came up a rough middle-aged Irishman. He asked me if I wanted work. I inquired what sort of work it was. There is one fine point of character about the Irish:—you never need hesitate to tell them precisely what you think and feel: if they are contemplating a raid upon your rights it instantly disarms them; if they are not, and even often if they are, they will immediately offer hand and heart to help you. Paddy O'K. told me he wanted somebody to help him to burn the lime; he had had to watch the kiln for the last two days and nights by himself, and still it wanted twenty-four hours of being burnt through. I told him I had not been used to work; but thought I could do anything needed at a lime-kiln. So the bargain was struck; and within a few minutes, without any hint on my part, but merely performe of the inbred hospitality of her race, Mrs. O'K., whom we found surrounded with a pretty large lot of "childer" in one of the "skillens"* that lay scattered over the sides of the gorge, was employed in getting ready for me a good breakfast; and telling me how near by the father's side she was related to Brian Berroo, and how near by the mother's to Fin McCowl.

I know not any time of my life, other things apart, and speaking merely of the accordance of outward circumstance with inward disposition at the given period, when I was so much in my element as I was now for some time. The work itself was straightforward enough; rather hard every few days when a new kiln had to be formed: but that done, there came an easy spell of some days till it was burnt. Shell-getters brought the boatloads of shells right up to the edge of the rocky floor where we burned them; and the wood splitters brought us our wood in like manner. All hands turned to and laid a base of billets two feet, or thereabouts, thick; and all hands, as the shells came in, load after load, helped to heap them on the fuel. A firestick; and then little to do for some days.

Paddy O'K. made a great deal of money, being the only artist in lime that Sydney then could boast of. He was a big, open-hearted, cheerful fellow; was always the best of friends with me; and paid me my wages whenever I wanted them. And I, smarting under the recollection of having been once told I could not work, and feeling as if on the settlement of the point in my own favor, my manhood itself stood seriously concerned—I, of course, drove myself as never slave was driven. He was a great man for good eating and drinking; and like almost all the lower class of householders in Sydney at this time, sold rum. But my inclination for liquor was not of that sort which stood in any danger of being aroused by such company as met at his house—chiefly Irish laborers—and I took no part in their revels. Sometimes he took the night-spell, and sometimes I. And in the morning when I went in, and had had my meals, there was a good heap of straw in the stable, where, wrapped in an opossum skin blanket, I slept the healthiest of sleep.

It was not, however, in any of these things that being in my element consisted. It was when the glare and noise of the day had ceased, and nothing broke the midnight stillness save the swash of water on the face of the rocky shore, and I sat with my back against a yet unkindled side of the pile, now gazing on the countless stars above, now on the glittering distortion of their forms and array imaged back from the heaving waves, like the base illusory rescripts of Heaven's truth which this vexed world forever yields; or when the moon sat high and sole, and silver-like as the image of her own goddess in Ephesian temples; or fierce-raving winds reminded me of the oft-hymned Hellespontian that night—

> "When Love who sent, forgot to save
> The young, the beautiful, the brave,
> The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter."

Then passed before me the faces of the massive men of old—bitter and terrible Demosthenes; the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle; strong, bull-necked, athanteau Socrates, with his Plato the beloved; now carousing, if old tales be true, at some of the basest banquets that sensuous Greece ever saw; now yielding himself a martyr for the most excellent philosophy that reason, unaided, ever formed. Then Sophocles, and Euripides. Then that battle-loving host before and behind the walls of Troy; and the lady-loves so suited to each, of Hector, and Achilles, and Menelaus, with Paris. For Rome and its men I never had any regard. The Greeks had benevolence; the Romans had none. In the Greeks there was beauty irradiating from strength; in the Romans nothing appeared but massive, bold self-helpfulness, without one line of grace. The Greeks were diminished gods; but the Romans were only the highest order of brutes. The Romans dared the danger for the sake of the prize; but the Greeks only regarded the prize as a national excuse for braving the danger, and an occasion for airing their wild hearts by an eagle flight beyond the thoughts and things of this world of graves.

Probably in this preference of mine for the Grecian mind, this idolization of the Hellenic men, there was something not inapposite to my highest spiritual necessities; at all events it fed an even then-existing spiritual appetite. The Greeks were pre-eminently truth-seeking men. And from Thales down to Socrates there was a perpetual clear progress. Socrates reached the highest point that mere mortal mind could reach, when he declared in the greatest of all earthly council chambers—that which surrounds the death-bed of a great thinker—that there had yet to come the ONE commissioned to tell us how we ought to worship. His words are so like the communication of Moses to the Hebrews—"A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up, &c."—that but for the manly openness of the character of Socrates, and his disregard of man's approbation, and his omission to acknowledge at any time indebtedness to Hebrew sources for his opinions, we should be disposed to believe that from such sources he must have drawn his reasons for this remarkable prediction. Between the times of Socrates and the Advent of our Lord and Saviour, there was nothing of a solid sort done in the way of general induction in moral philosophy. All that was attempted may be classified under the title of refinements: and most unhappily, scarcely one of these but was a distortion. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle probably knew the whole of each other's minds, except such great original ideas of each as no circumstance had given occasion for communicating. And how those men worked! How comprehensive and minute at once, their thought! How bold their common style of speculation! How affecting their childlike honesty amidst their demon-superstition! How touching their gentle-heartedness towards each other; their magnanimity as, but with what feelings who shall say? they "trod the dark inevitable way" toward that veiled land which nature describes to all men as having no place for earthborn foot—a realm for wings or else of endless fall into bottomless abysses. How my heart has mourned, hoped, and feared, and mourned again, for these glorious men, as I sat leaning against the kiln, or lay stretched on the rocks of that lonely shore, with none to commune with but them alone. Neglecting Heaven myself, I could yet repine that it was not made evident to them as it had been to me. The reader exclaims in his scorn: How inconsistent! I admit it, and deplore it. But let me once more say that this is intended especially as a tale of warning; and that it is only because I believe it calculated to act with unusual utility in that way that I bind myself to the task of re-surveying scenes so painful. I have been led into this present particular of my self-criticism by a feeling which there are few who have not experienced; the pleasure derivable from acknowledging obligations to those we love. I believe it was my love for these joyous, brave-hearted, truth-seeking Greeks, which introduced into my own mind at once the desire to investigate and faithfully decide, and the cheerfulness and courage that sustained me till the work was done, and I in possession of "a better hope" than fell to the lot of those much nobler men. Adversary also as I am to the practice of frittering away the youth's best years in the study of dead languages, of which some of our most eloquent authors know not a syllable; and tainting at the same time their minds with the incorrigible pollution of classic poetry and mythology, I felt unwilling to leave unsaid the almost solitary thing, and altogether the best, which can be said in vindication of the custom.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Such huts as are built shanty shape.

BURIED TO-DAY.

Buried to-day!
When the soft green buds are bursting out,
And up on the south wind comes the shout
Of the village boys and girls at play,
In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away,
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their light from him,
And pet low, low, underneath the clay,
In his spring—upon this spring-day.

Passes to-day
All the pride of young life begun,
All the hope of life yet to run;
Who dares to question when One saith "Nay!"
Murmur not! Only pray.

Enters to-day
Another body in churchyard sod,
Another soul on the life in God.
His Christ was buried, yet lives alway—
Trust Him, and go your way.

THE OTHER LIFE.

As I grow older, and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more with complacent joy, and out of every longing I hear God say, "O thirsting, hungering one, come to me." What the other life will bring I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness, and see him as he is. If a child had been born and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! His parents might tell him of its life, and light, and beauty, and its sounds of joy; they might heap up the sand into mounds, and try to show him by pointing to stalactites how grass, and flowers, and trees grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land. And yet, though he longed to behold it, when the day came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals, and the rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But when he came up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright, and blue, and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a-glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings and the interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and lived without; and how would he wonder that he could have regretted to leave the silence and the dreary darkness of his old abode! So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where Spring growths are, and where is Summer, and not that miserable travestie which we call Summer here, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life.

Beat on, then, O heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but, while I gazed, their lustre faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest; but when I behold thee, O God, I shall be satisfied!—*Beecher.*

FOR DEBATING SOCIETIES.—A correspondent of the Western Christian Advocate asks: By the way, Doctor, do you not think the raising of swine a degrading occupation? I never yet have heard of any one whose attention was turned wholly or chiefly to this employment, that did not go down. Devils have entered into swine; but who ever heard of their entering into horses or cattle, into goats or sheep, into pigeons or poultry, into fruit trees or bushes, into garden stuffs or flowers? Amid all the ignorance and superstitions of the ancients, swine-herds were regarded as the lowest class of humanity, and were outcast from reputable society. They were looked upon with aversion and contempt, and their touch was pollution. The city of the Gergesenes, you know, was employed in the breeding of swine; but just as soon as the citizens saw Jesus and heard of His wonder-working power, they could not endure His presence. His majestic countenance was the rebuke of their low and sensual vices, and they besought Him to depart out of their coasts.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS AND AN "EXQUISITE"

A certain Jacovleff, one of the wealthiest men in Russia, and proprietor of one of the most productive iron-works, was supposed to have presumed upon his wealth, and shown too independent a spirit by evading the load of honors and offices which a man in his position was expected to seek. Among other slights consequent therefrom he was refused permission to travel, and, for consolation, indulged himself on the Newsky Parade at St. Petersburg, in the most *outré* foreign costume which his fancy could devise. On his head was a little peaked hat, resembling a flower-pot reversed; a cloak reduced to the dimensions of a cape was thrown over his shoulders; and on his chin he wore a beard *à la* Henri Quatre. An enormous oaken cudgel in his hand, a glass stuck in the corner of his eye, and a bull-dog following at his heels, made a *tout ensemble* fit, one would suppose, "to set before a King." And so it did befall M. Jacovleff, that while sauntering along, he encountered the Emperor's carriage. The equipage was abruptly stopped; the Emperor himself leaned forward and beckoned the exquisite to approach him.

"Pray," said Nicholas, eyeing him with affected curiosity, "who in God's name are you, and where do you come from?"

"May it please your Majesty, I have the honor to be your Majesty's faithful subject, Save Saveitch Jacovleff."

"Indeed," replied the Emperor, "we are enchanted to have the opportunity of making your acquaintance, Save Saveitch. Oblige us by just stepping up and taking a seat beside us."

Sacovleff slily let drop his cudgel, and, with some misgivings, took his seat.

"But stop," said the Emperor, when they had driven on a little way, "where is your stick, Save Saveitch. Turn back," he said, to the coachman.

The stick picked up, they drove on straight to the Palace. Nicholas alighted, and beckoned to Jacovleff to follow him.

"Oh, no, Save Saveitch, don't take off your cloak; we must have you just as you are—hat, and stick, and cloak, and all."

The Emperor led the way, straight to the apartment of the Empress.

"Pray, my dear," he inquired of her, "do you know who this is?"

"No," replied the Empress, bursting into a fit of laughter.

"Then allow me to inform you that this is our faithful subject, Save Saveitch Jacovleff—What do you think of him? Is he not a pretty fellow?"

The unfortunate exquisite, after furnishing food for some minutes' merriment, was dismissed, half dead with terror and confusion. But before he departed, he was admonished that the Emperor did not always punish the foolery of his subjects so leniently. The man went home, took to his bed, and fell dangerously ill.—*National Review.*

THE BOWIE KNIFE.—The Richmond Whig has an editorial on the origin of the "Bowie knife," which declares that this instrument of offence was first used at the famous fight on the Sand Bar, near Natchez in 1828, in which many persons were killed or desperately wounded. Col. James Bowie was THAR, and used a knife with tremendous effect:

"It was, in fact, quite a rude affair, eleven inches in the blade, sharp pointed, single-edged, about two inches broad, with a wooden handle. It was the property of Col. Rezin Bowie, who had it made by a blacksmith in the Parish of Rapides, the year before, for the purpose of cutting cane, and had lent it to his brother when he went with the dueling party to the Sand Bar. It thus appears that the 'original bowie knife'—which was in fact the only bowie knife—was an extremely primitive weapon, such as any tolerably expert blacksmith can make. It no more resembles the keen, highly polished, high-priced instruments, that have since been sold under that name, than the gun of Capt. John Smith, exhibited at Richmond several years ago, resembled the Sharpe or Minie rifle. As Col. Rezin Bowie very justly remarked, there was no reason on earth for calling the new weapons 'Bowie knives,' since Col. James Bowie never used one of them, and had no agency whatever in getting up their model, or directing their manufacture.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.—Not long since a man in India was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was also present. Both claimed the sheep, and had witnesses to prove their claims, so that it was not easy for the judge to decide to which the sheep belonged.

Knowing the customs of the shepherds, and the habits of the sheep, the judge ordered the sheep to be brought into court, and sent one of the two men into another room, while he told the other to *call* the sheep and see if it would come to him. But the poor animal, not knowing the "voice of a stranger," would not go to him. In the meantime, the other man, who was in an adjoining room, growing impatient, and probably suspecting what was going on, gave a kind of "cluck," upon which the sheep bounded away towards him at once.

This "cluck" was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep, and it was at once decided that he was the real owner.

Thus we have a beautiful illustration of John x. 4, 5: "And the sheep follow him, for they know his voice; and a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers."

ABUSES OF THE PRESS IN CHINA.—It is found that at Pekin, the imperial capital of the Light of the Universe, the wisdom of China has admirably contrived a method for checking the abuses of the Press; if an editor publishes a falsehood there, by way of guarding against ever doing the like again, he is instantly seized and decapitated. If such a law were adopted in the United States, we hardly think that any political editor would live twenty-four hours except those who publish weekly journals; not one of whom would live above seven days.

☞ Indulging in dangerous pleasures is like licking honey from a knife and getting cut with the edge

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE KANSAS CONFERENCE BILL ADOPTED.

SENATE.

On the 24th, the Deficiency Bill was passed, yeas 29, nays 19. The bill was passed precisely as reported from the Committee, with the addition of Mr. Stuart's amendment, that the Secretary of War submit further contracts for the sanction of Congress.

On the 26th, after a discussion relative to Paraguay, Mr. Green, of Missouri, asked to take up the Report of the Committee of Conference on the Kansas Bill, when Mr. Seward gave way, and the Report was taken up for consideration.

A debate on the parliamentary rule and practice applicable to the case, was continued for nearly two hours.

Until half-past seven o'clock the Senate was wholly occupied in attempts to come to an understanding, and in defeated motions. Senators Wilson, Green, Iverson, Brown, Houston, Collamer and others took part in the debate.

Finally, a mutual agreement was made that the subject be the special order for the next day, at 12½ o'clock, P. M. The debate was conducted in a genial spirit, and was without a noticeable feature. Adjourned.

On the 27th, the morning hour having expired, the special order, the Conference Committee Report, then came up. Mr. Crittenden took the floor. He said that the offer made by the Committee of Conference on the substitute presented is merely equivalent to a bribe of the public lands, to accept the Lecompton Constitution. He went on to say that the Conference substitute is a poor and imperfect bill adopted by the House.

After defining his position for adhering to his amended bill adopted by the House, in preference to the Conference substitute now offered, he invited the Senate impartially, to do justice, without recrimination, and without sectional preferences.

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, made an able argument, replying seriatim to Mr. Crittenden's points. To throw back the people of Kansas into a territorial condition would produce a truce of three or four years, which truce might be improved into a permanent peace, and this distracting question pass out of the Federal politics, thereby giving time to attend to the great objects, moral and political, which address themselves to our attention.

Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, took the floor and made an old-fashioned Kansas speech.

Mr. Hale discussed the merits of the Conference substitute, saying that, by no possibility, could Kansas come into the Union under that substitute, except as a slave State, and the substitute offers a premium of five millions for her to come as a slave State. Mr. Hale then went into severe comments on the President, saying that there exists no real equality—that President Buchanan gave away, by a single dash of his pen, an island, (Vancouver,) occupying the same important position to the Pacific that Cuba (which he wants to buy for two hundred millions) does to the Atlantic. Our right to Vancouver was undeniable, but it is situated in a latitude where it could not be made a slave State, whereas Cuba can.

Mr. Wade, of Ohio, strongly censured the action of the Committee as humiliating to the South, and utterly repugnant to the North. He spoke for more than an hour, using forcible terms in condemnation of the Executive, which he characterized as corrupt.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, replied in defence of the Executive, and said that Mr. Wade, in describing it as "corrupt," acted as the slanderer of the Executive. He also said that the assertion of Mr. Crittenden, that the Administration have abandoned their position by submitting Lecompton to the people, is not true.

Mr. Crittenden took exception to the emphasis with which Mr. Green used the words "not true."

Some personal sparring ensued, in which Mr. Green likened Mr. Crittenden to a "Kentucky climber," a phrase which Mr. Crittenden professed himself unable to comprehend.

After a few words, Mr. Green resumed his speech, disclaiming the charge that the lands donated by the Kansas Bill were in the nature of a bribe.

On the 28th, the special order, the Report of the Committee of Conference on the Kansas Bill, was taken up.

Mr. Stuart, of Mich., having the floor, spoke on the general question, making many facetious hits.

He took ground in favor of Mr. Crittenden's amendment in preference to "this miserable Conference Committee proposition." He spoke till nearly three o'clock, at which time there were only twenty-two Senators present.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, replied at great length to the speech of Mr Stuart, closely following the various arguments he adduced. He also examined the provisions of the Leavenworth Constitution, and the attempt to adopt that instrument by means of negro suffrage, showing that all those proceedings were void, and that there is no other legal constitution in Kansas besides the Lecompton Constitution. Mr. Pugh spoke till after four o'clock.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wis., replied to Mr. Pugh, asserting that the issue raised by that Senator, as to free negroes voting under the Leavenworth Constitution was a false one, the only object of which would be to raise prejudice in the minds of the people of the slaveholding States, and thus embarrass the action of the free people of Kansas. He illustrated the case of Kansas and the conference's proposal, by the simile of a family of fair daughters, all of whom Samuel, their father, has richly endowed, excepting young Kansas, whom he insists shall marry "John," with a dower of lands equal to her sisters, or continue single without a dower, until she pass the certain age which ladies dislike to pass unmarried.

At this stage of the proceedings an agreement was effected to adjourn, and finish the subject to-morrow.

On the 29th, the Kansas Conference Committee Bill was discussed by Senators Douglas, Wilson, and Bell, of Tennessee, in opposition, and Senators Brown, Toombs and Green in support of it.

On the 30th, Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, offered a resolution that a wagon road be constructed from Fort Benton to the navigable waters of the Columbia River at the Walla-Walla. Referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, reported from the Committee of Conference on the Deficiency Bill, that they were unable to come to any agreement.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, moved to take up his resolution for the establishment of a Mexican protectorate. He made some verbal alterations, and moved that the resolution be referred.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, opposed the resolution as reflecting on Mexico, and moved that it be laid on the table.

The consideration of the Report of the Committee of Conference on the Kansas Bill was then resumed.

Speeches were made by Senators Doolittle, Pugh, and Seward. At the close of the latter's speech, Mr. Bigler announced that the bill had passed the House.

Mr. Seward resumed, saying that it caused him no discouragement. It was of little matter, practically, whether it was the last defeat or the first victory.

After a few words of explanation from Mr. Bigler and Mr. Cameron, and some discussion as to the points of order, the vote on the question was taken, which resulted in the adoption of the Report of the Conference Committee—yeas 31, nays 22—as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Benjamin, Biggs, Bigler, Bright, Brown, Clay, Davis, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Green, Gwin, Hammond, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson, Ark., Johnson, Tenn., Jones, Kennedy, Mallory, Mason, Polk, Pugh, Sebastian, Slidell, Thompson, N. J., Toombs, Wright, and Yulee—31.

Nays—Messrs. Broderick, Cameron, Chandler, Collamer, Crittenden, Dixon, Doolittle, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Hale, Hamlin, Harlan, King, Seward, Simmons, Stuart, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson—22.

PAIRED OFF.—Mr. Bell with Mr. Pearce, Mr. Fitch with Mr. Sumner.

Absentees—Messrs. Clark (who is sick), Bates, Henderson, Reid, and Thompson, Ky.

Mr. Hunter moved that the Senate recede from the amendment to the Deficiency Bill. Carried, without debate, by a vote of 25 yeas against 21 nays. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 26th, Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, asked leave to introduce a joint resolution concerning the admission of new States into the Union. Decided out of order.

The Speaker stated the question to be on agreeing to the amended motion postponing the Report of the Committee of Conference on the Kansas Bill till the second Monday of May.

After considerable discussion, the question was taken, and decided in the negative—yeas 100, nays 101.

On motion of Mr. Stephens, the consideration of the matter was postponed till Wednesday at 1 o'clock.

The Deficiency Appropriation Bill was returned from the Senate with amendments, two of which the House disagreed to—namely, that striking out $4,000 for the House reporters of the Washington Globe, and striking out the provision for the settlement of the accounts of the late Clerk of the House.

During a contest whether the resolution should now be finally voted on, or whether the House would adjourn, Mr. Spinner, of New York, said he had a proposition which he hoped would be adopted. In response to cries of "read it," the Clerk began reading a preamble, incorporating an extract from the "Burlington Hawk-Eye"—a newspaper—alleging that an order was received from Commissioner Hendricks to locate six thousand acres of land at the Council Bluffs land sale, in the name of Senator Bright, and adding, that of course the order was complied with, though out of office hours; and Mr. Bright had a nice slice of the public lands at a single haul, &c.

The Speaker stopped the Clerk from reading any further, saying that the paper contained reflections upon a member of a co-ordinate branch of Congress.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, wanted to know whether the Speaker held that Mr. Bright was a member of the Senate. (Laughter on the Republican side of the House.)

The Speaker was understood to say that he did.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, suggested that the charge was against the Commissioner of the Land Office, and not against Mr. Bright, who was incidentally involved.

Mr. English, of Indiana, said there was nothing in the case, and he was perfectly willing that the House should investigate it.

The House, however, returned to the consideration of J. Glancy Jones' resolution, and, then, finding itself without a quorum, adjourned.

On the 27th, Mr. Petit, of Indiana, from the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the facts and circumstances attending the sale of the Fort Snelling property, made a report from the majority. He said the Committee was not so fortunate as to come to an agreement relative to the facts.

In reply to a suggestion of Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Petit remarked that there was nothing in the report implicating any member of either branch of Congress. He moved that the report be laid on the table and printed, and made the special order for the 18th of May. Agreed to.

Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, made a minority report, which was ordered to take the same direction.

Mr. Hughes asked leave to offer a resolution to censure Mr. Spinner, member of the House from New York, for committing a breach of privilege, order and decorum, the latter having yesterday asked to submit a preamble and resolution proposing a Select Committee of five to inquire into the facts and circumstances by which, under the order of the Commissioner of Lands, Senator Bright and Representatives English and Foley were permitted to enter six thousand acres at the Council Bluff Land Office.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said it was not a breach of privilege on the part of Mr. Spinner. If every member vilified through the public press should think proper to bring the subject before the House, they should have nothing but questions of privilege.

Mr. Hughes of Indiana, wished the House to set the seal of condemnation on this malicious assault on a Senator and two Representatives. The House should maintain its own dignity and character. The newspaper attack embodied in Mr. Spinner's resolution was false and scandalous, and founded in ignorance of the statutes of the country. He had no doubt that the resolution was concocted outside this House. He explained that Messrs. Bright, English and Foley made their locations under the law from which he proceeded to read. He said the proceedings of the House were used for the purpose of stabbing the Commissioners of the Land Office, a Senator and two Representatives, and, for this purpose, irresponsible and infamous newspaper attacks were lugged in.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, raised a question of order, but the Speaker overruled the objection as coming too late.

Mr. English, of Indiana, said he had been a member of the House for five years, and he could appeal to the record to bear him out in the assertion, that in all that time he never uttered a sentence reflecting on the personal character of any of his associates on this floor, and never before had he had any occasion to notice or refer to any charges of a personal character towards himself. He knew of no law which made it improper, in any sense, for members of Congress to purchase public lands. On the 23rd of February, he and Mr. Foley, for themselves and certain of their constituents, deposited in the General Land Office, a number of land warrants, which were located in open day, and under the law and instructions of the Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of the Land Office. He read from the law and instructions in proof of his assertion, and showed that no preference had been given in the location. If any gentleman made a charge that favoritism in the matter was shown him, to influence his action on the Kansas question, or insinuate that he was influenced by other than patriotic motives, he would denounce him as a liar, poltroon and coward.

[Cries of "Hit him again!"]

Mr. Spinner, of New York, alluding to the remark of Mr. Hughes, that he (Mr. Spinner) did not desire an investigation, pronounced the charge false. The gentleman from Indiana must have been misinformed. He (Mr. Spinner) had embodied in his preamble a slip from the Republican and a slip from the Democratic paper, and the object of his inquiry was to ascertain whether members of Congress have privileges beyond other citizens in entering land. If this was wrong, he was willing to be censured for the movement.

Mr. Foley, of Indiana, asked whether he was not satisfied that the charges in the newspapers were false.

Mr. Spinner replied in the negative.

Mr. Giddings said the Chair had misconceived his former point of order. He did not understand the Speaker to decide upon the right of the House to censure a member for the discharge of his duty.

The Speaker replied, that was for the House to do when they come to vote on the resolution.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, alluded to the class of scribblers who are hired to malign those in power, through the medium of rags, lampblack and oil, and referred to the Daily Globe of December last, to show that that paper, published at the expense of the Government, had charged directly the Secretary of the Treasury in collusion with the clerks of the last House to rob and plunder the treasury. He thought Mr. Spinner was justified in proposing an inquiry into the conduct of an executive officer of the Government.

Mr. English said he wanted an investigation of the foul slander introduced by the gentleman from New York.

On motion of Mr. Davis, of Maryland, the whole subject was tabled.

The Committee resumed the consideration of the bill granting pensions to the soldiers of the war of 1812.

Mr. Curry, of Alabama, opposed the bill as proposing to bestow more gratuities at an annual expense of eleven millions per annum, as large as the total expenditure of the Government was in 1825.

Messrs. Clark, of Missouri, Anderson, of Missouri, and Curtis, of Iowa, spoke in favor of the bill, and Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, in opposition to it. Adjourned.

On the 28th, Mr. Nichols, of Ohio, from the Printing Committee, reported a resolution to print 20,000 copies of the mechanical part of the Patent Office Report of 1857, or one-third less than formerly.

The House passed several bills, and among them the Senate Bill, providing for the payment of the expenses of the Judiciary in Utah during the present disturbance.

The consideration of the Report of the Committee of Conference on the Kansas Bill was then resumed.

Mr. Howard, of Michigan, said it did not rise to the dignity of a compromise, open and above board, but was a species of dodge. If the proceedings of the Lecompton Convention were legal and binding, and conclusive on the people, and if Congress has no power to interfere, how and by what process will the Lecompton Constitution become dead?

It reminded him of the fellow who craved pardon of his sovereign. Prostrating himself before his majesty, he prayed forgiveness for having knocked off the hat of a fellow subject. The pardon was readily granted. He then informed his majesty that the man's head was knocked off too. In this matter while the Lecompton Constitution is not submitted, in rejecting the ordinance the head of Lecompton is knocked off. (Laughter.) This Report is, for the best of all reasons, offensive to the North. It has degrading conditions attached to it, to which he believed the North will never submit. His constituents he knew would regard the proposition as an insult. If the South yield so much as is claimed to principle, the North is to be the most cheated in the details.

One set of conditions is prescribed for the State under one Constitution, and another set under all other Constitutions. If the population of Kansas is sufficient to come in under the Lecompton Constitution, why should it not come in under any other Constitution? This measure would keep open and increase the quarrel and strife. If there is a fair election, it will be voted down four to one. It cannot be otherwise. In the Northern States the question will turn on the issue, whether one set of conditions will be prescribed for a Territory applying for admission as a free State, and another set for an application as a slave State. This ordinance is a premium for a slave State, and he predicted that this issue will be distinctly before the Northern people. Every man will be elected or defeated on this issue, and he should not be surprised if one hundred and twenty-five, out of the hundred and forty-four Representatives, shall not be sent here to repudiate this thing.

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, said that, so far as the admission or rejection is concerned, everything in law, if not in language, is conceded by this bill. But he had learned State rights notions from Clay and Pinkney. Had it not been urged by Southern gentlemen that Kansas should come into the Union on an equal footing with the original States? This was the law of the South on the subject. Then, if State equality was yielded by this ordinance, by imposing conditions, no Southern man could vote for the bill. The only question was, whether the people of Kansas will come into the Union with the ordinance, or, by rejecting it, stay out of the confederacy if the Constitution is not submitted. Representing a Southern Slave State, he (Mr. Davis) in her name, solemnly protested against this attempted interference with State rights by a condition of admission.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, was not surprised that Mr. Davis opposed the bill, but he was surprised at the ground of his opposition. He (Mr. Stephens) was born and reared in the State rights school; and if there was any doctrine he cherished more than another, it was the rights, independence and sovereignty of the separate States of the Confederacy: and he maintained that this substitute more fully and completely carried out this doctrine than the Senate Bill, for which he was willing to vote, and more so than the Crittenden Amendment. If Kansas had made application for admission as a free State, he would have voted for it as readily as for a slave State. In reply to Mr. Davis, he showed that Iowa and Louisiana were admitted on the fundamental conditions, and, in the former case, similar to that in the pending proposition. The objections made by the gentleman from Maryland were founded solely on a pretext. In conclusion, he earnestly appealed to the House to end this question, with the view to go on with the public business. He was ready to defeat the proposition from beginning to end, every word and line.

Mr. Gilman, of Maine, inquired, is the Constitution to be submitted?

Mr. Stephens.—I tell the gentleman distinctly that it is not.

Mr. Keitt repudiated the doctrine advanced by Mr. Davis. He was not willing to commit the rights of the South to that gentleman's custody. He denied that the Federal Government is sovereign, and said that each State is sovereign. He gave the reasons why he supports the Conference Committee's bill.

Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, did not find fault with the bill because it annexed conditions, but because a great crime was sought to be perpetrated, not only against Kansas, but against the Federal Constitution and the sacred rights of human nature. The bill did not submit the Constitution, but a bribe in land. If rejected, Kansas must suffer the penalty. Better the Constitution perish than any precedent be placed on the statute book, that Congress shall dictate to freemen, under pains and penalties, their admission into the Union under an informal Constitution that they never made.

Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, said that this proposition was not amendable. He presumed that gentlemen had made up their minds, and therefore he moved the previous question.

Mr. Stephens moved a call of the House, but the motion being disagreed to, he then moved an adjournment.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois.—It was the understanding yesterday, that we should take the vote to-day.

Mr. Stephens.—That was what the gentleman would not agree to.

The motion to adjourn prevailed by two majority. Adjourned.

On the 29th, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, defined his position. He was the first in the House to oppose the Lecompton Constitution, but after a careful consideration of his duty to his party, to his State, and to the Union, and to the welfare of the whole people, he had come to the conclusion to support the Report of the Committee. Though by it the Constitution is not submitted, yet the means are provided for obtaining the sense of the people. They can reject it if they do not like it. No bribe, as has been asserted, has been offered to Kansas; for she will get the lands as have the other new States. Governor Walker had informed him that Kansas will have the requisite population by next autumn for one Representative, according to the Federal ratio. In the spirit of concession, and for the sake of the united Democracy, to which he owed all, he had, with a view to peace and the despatch of public business, determined to give the Report of the Committee his support.

The Conference Committee Bill was further discussed by Messrs. Marshall, of Kentucky, Garrett, English, &c.

Mr. Marshall said, what a spectacle is presented to the American people, when their Representatives are engaged on measures, the authors of which do not, and cannot agree on its meaning, whether or not it submits the Lecompton Constitution to the people! One of the managers, the gentleman from Georgia, (Mr. Stephens) yesterday declared the principle of non-submission; while another, the gentleman from Indiana (Mr. English), maintained that the Constitution is to be submitted.

Mr. English wanted to know on what authority Mr Marshall made that statement. He called on him to name the time and place.

Mr. Marshall replied that it was an inference drawn from his (Mr. English's) remarks, and asked him whether he understood the Report of the Committee in the same way that Mr. Stephens did, namely—that the Constitution was not to be submitted? [Excessive laughter.]

Mr. English replied—The bill was drawn up in good English [laughter], and he supposed that the gentleman was competent to judge the meaning of the words of the bill.

Mr. Marshall responded that if that was all the answer Mr. English had to give, he was willing it should go out to the country with the declaration that the authors of the Report were divided as to its meaning. He believed that this Report substantially submitted the Constitution to the people of Kansas. He objected to the manner of its submission, and believed they would reject the proposition with the condition attached to it, which was degrading to the North. He said, so help him God, if he was a Northern man, he would open the direct attack upon it. He would have the Report of the Committee laid on the table, and another Committee of Conference appointed. Strike out the disabling section, and it would come near enough to the Crittenden-Montgomery amendment for him to vote for it. He made allusion to the position of the Republican party on the latter measure, when

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, said that he agreed with every sentiment that Mr. Marshall had uttered. The Republicans voted for it with their eyes open. They distinctly understood that certain gentlemen from the free States pledged their faith and honor that they only wanted a plain, honest and straight-forward opportunity to end the question.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, said that he was about the last to agree to the Crittenden-Montgomery amendment, and he assured the gentleman that his only inducement to go for it was, that he understood that every gentleman belonging to the Douglas wing stood pledged to be his coworkers, to stand by them to the last.

When Mr. Giddings had finished his remarks, he was seized with a fainting fit, and was conducted from the Hall, but he soon recovered and returned to his seat.

Mr. Burnett endeavored to ask Mr. Marshall a question, but the latter declined to yield the floor.

Mr. Marshall explained why he had been found voting with the Republicans, and tendered to that party his tribute of thanks for for their patriotism. In conclusion, he quoted the remarks of the "Richmond South" newspaper, that no more slave States shall come into the Union was the issue. He had no fear of disunion. The people of the South will listen to no such clamor. He had exerted himself to get the Republican members to vote as they did, with an eye to the fact that there were disunion platforms which that vote would close over forever.

Mr. Milson said that the policy of Mr. Marshall and others was to endeavor to stir up the minds of the North, and produce the impression that a great injury is attempted to be perpetrated against the Northern sentiment and interests. This he denied, and at length defended the Report of the Committee of Conference.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, said he opposed this measure, because it contained a concession on the slavery question, which he, as a Southern man, was not prepared to make. He desired the issue to be brought to a final determination between the North and the South. If they cannot do that, they ought to separate. Besides, he regarded the act of the people of Kansas as complete and binding, and was against the bill, because it proposed to submit the Lecompton Constitution to the people.

Mr. Hughes demanded the previous question, but it was not seconded, the vote standing yeas 99, nays 105.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, said he was tired of this mode of proceeding, and, with the view of bringing up the question directly, moved to lay the question on the table as a test question.

The motion was disagreed to—yeas 101, nays 113.

Mr. Jones said that the vote just taken showed that the majority was not against the bill, and moved the previous question, which the House refused to second by a vote of yeas 103, nays 107.

After further fruitless motions, votes, and discussions, Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, moved that the House adjourn, which prevailed, the vote standing yeas 122, nays 82.

On the 30th, Mr. English, of Indiana, called for the regular order, being the consideration of the Report of the Committee on the Kansas Bill.

A long debate took place, of which we note the most significant points:—

Mr. Shorter, of Alabama, said he had, with five or six Southern Democrats, uniformly resisted the previous question. He had wanted time for discussion, in order to arrive at a correct construction of the substitute bill. He now found that the general construction was that it did not refer the Lecompton Constitution back to the people of Kansas. If he believed it did he would vote against it, even with the Black Republicans. The gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Stephens) said that the Constitution was not to be submitted, and the gentleman from Indiana, (Mr. English,) by his silence, acquiesced in that view. Therefore, he (Mr. Shorter,) would now co-operate with the friends of the measure, and vote for the previous question.

Mr. Campbell referred to the fact that about twenty anti-Lecompton Democrats were pledged on a point of personal honor to stand to the end by the Montgomery Crittenden amendment in company with the Republicans.

Mr. Groesbeck, of Ohio, replied that he had made no such pledge, and had no such understanding or consultation.

Mr. Campbell replied that he did not make the assertion with reference to that gentleman, and asked Mr. Groesbeck whether he understood this bill as submitting the Constitution.

Mr. Groesbeck said that in effect it does.

Mr. Owen Jones, of Pennsylvania, remarked that he had never given a pledge to Mr. Campbell, or anybody else, that he would stand by the Montgomery amendment, or any other measure.

Mr. Campbell asked whether he did not meet with what were known as the anti-Lecompton Democrats; and whether or not a Committee was appointed with power to represent and speak for them to another body?

Mr. Jones replied that he met on one or two occasions, with certain Democrats, but no Committee of that kind was appointed or authorized to pledge his vote on any subject.

Mr. Campbell then asked him whether the bill submitted the Constitution to the vote of the people.

Mr. Jones replied that he was willing to let the people construe that for themselves. (Laughter.)

Mr. Cox said that he had stated, yesterday, that his first impressions had been against the Conference Report, and he now repeated that it did not entirely meet his views. In a letter to the Ohio Statesman, he gave his opinions and objections. At that time his first impressions were against the Report, because he thought it discriminated against free, and in favor of slave States. But he had conferred with Gov. Walker, and, on learning from him that Kansas will next fall have population sufficient, under the Federal ratio, for a member of Congress, he took the Report as the best that could be obtained. The gentleman from New York should not insinuate that he was a Judas. That gentleman knew full well that no one from the Administration, or any other source, had dared to approach him on the subject. [Laughter on the Republican side.] He had acted with an honest mind and a pure heart for himself. Any man who insinuated to the contrary was not worthy a place on this floor, nor would he be if he had betrayed confidence, or proved recreant to all he had hitherto said or done. He appealed to Heaven for the rectitude of his intentions. The Constitution was presented, though not in form, submitted to the people of Kansas, and they would have a chance to kill it. He asked Mr. Haskin whether there had been falsehood or recreancy on his part?

Mr. Haskin. I leave that to the country to judge.

Mr. Cox, with earnest and excited gesticulations, made a reply, which was lost amid the greatest possible confusion pervading the House.

The Speaker loudly rapped with his gavel, and said he would prohibit all language approaching to personalities.

The vote being taken, the result was announced on adopting the Report of the Committee of Conference—yeas 112, nays 103.

YEAS—Messrs. Ahl, Anderson, Atkins, Avery, Barksdale, Bishop, Bocock, Bowie, Boyce, Branch, Bryan, Burnett, Burns, Caruthers, Caskie, Clark, of Missouri, Clay, Clemens, Clingman, Cobb, John Cochrane, Cockerell, Corning, Cox, Craig of Missouri, Craige of North Carolina, Crawford, Curry, Davidson, Dewart, Dowdall, Edmunson, Elliott, English, Eustis, Florence, Foley, Gartrell, Gillis, Gilmer, Goode, Greenwood, Gregg, Groesbeck, Hall of Ohio, Hatch, Hawkins, Hopkins, Houston, Hughes, Huyler, Jackson, Jenkins, Jewett, Jones of Tennessee, J. Glancy Jones, Owen Jones, Keitt, Kelly, Kunkel of Maryland, Lamar, Landy, Lawrence, Leidy, Letcher, Maclay, McQueen, Mason, Maynard, Miles, Miller, Millson, Moore, Niblack, Pendleton, Peyton, Phelps, Phillips, Powell, Ready, Reagan, Reilly, Ruffin, Russell, Sandidge, Savage, Scales, Scott, Searing, Seward, Shaw of North Carolina, Shorter, Sickles, Singleton, Smith of Tennessee, Smith of Virginia, Stallworth, Stephens, Stevenson, Talbot, Trippe, Ward, Watkins, White, Whiteley, Winslow, Woodson, Wortendyke, Wright of Georgia, Wright, of Tennessee and Zollicoffer.

NAYS—Messrs. Abbott, Adrian, Andrews, Bennett, Billinghurst, Bingham, Blair, Bliss, Bonham, Brayton, Buffington, Burlingame, Burroughs, Campbell, Case, Chaffee, Chapman, Clark of Connecticut, Clark of New York, Clawson, Clark B. Cochrane, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cragin, Curtis, Damrell, Davis of Maryland, Davis of Indiana, Davis of Mass., Davis of Iowa, Dawes, Dean, Dick, Dodd, Durfee, Edie, Farnsworth, Fenton, Foster, Giddings, Gilman, Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Grow, Hall of Massachusetts, Harlan, Harris, of Maryland, Harris of Illinois, Haskin, Hickman, Hoard, Howard, Kellogg, Kelsey, Kilgore, Knapp, Leach, Leiter, Lovejoy, McKibbin, Marshall of Kentucky, Marshall, of Illinois, Morgan, Morris, of Pennsylvania, Morris, of Illinois, Morse of Maine, Morse of New York, Mott, Murray, Nichols, Olin, Palmer, Parker, Pettit, Pike, Potter, Pottle, Quitman, Ricaud, Robbins, Roberts, Royce, Shaw of Illinois, Sherman of Ohio, Sherman of New York, Smith of Illinois, Spinner, Stanton, Stewart of Pennsylvania, Tappan, Thayer, Tompkins, Underwood, Wade, Walbridge, Waldron, Walton, Washburne of Illinois, Washburne of Maine, Wilson.

Mr. English moved to reconsider the vote by which the Report was agreed to, and lay that motion on the table. Adopted.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, offered a resolution authorizing any two members of the Committee appointed to investigate the affairs of Lawrence, Stone & Co., to proceed to Philadelphia to take the testimony of an important witness who was physically unable to come to Washington. Adopted.

Mr. Clark, of New York, made a statement on behalf of Messrs Haskins and Cox, saying that the former withdrew any imputation upon the personal integrity of Mr. Cox, who cheerfully accepted Mr. Haskins's explanation.

A message was received from the Senate, announcing the concurrence of that body in the Report of the Committee of Conference on the Kansas Bill.

On motion, the House adjourned till Monday.

BAPTISM IN HOOPS.—In Chicago, recently, a singular scene, in which fashion showed itself not much in harmony with religion, took place during the baptism of a young lady by the pastor of the Tabernacle. The Union says:

"The minister requested her to assume the dress peculiar to such an occasion, but she declined to take off her hooped skirt; the minister told her of the inconvenience that must necessarily result from her obstinacy, but she persisted. When she came to descend into the bath, the inflated skirt touched the water, and rose up around her like a balloon. Her head was lost to the congregation, she was swallowed up in the swelling skirt, the minister tried to force her down into the bath, but she was kept above the surface by the floating properties of the crinoline, and was buoyed up so successfully that it was not until after much difficulty and many forcible attempts to submerge the lady, the minister succeeded in baptising the fair one. Finally it was effected, to the relief of the minister and the seriously inclined audience, who could not keep from laughing in their pocket-handkerchiefs."

THE LEVIATHAN TO BE OUTDONE.—A bigger ship than the Leviathan is already talked of in England. It is intended that this new monster shall carry 8,000 tons more than the Leviathan—is to run faster, and draw less water. An engineer of Liverpool, named Clare, proposes to build a ship 10,000 feet in length, 70 feet beam, and only 30 feet from deck to keel, making her perfectly flat bottomed, and her sides perfectly square. In size she would be 30,000 tons.

We will not be surprised to hear, one of these days, that some engineer proposes to build a bridge across the Atlantic, with hotels, arranged at convenient distances apart, for the comfort of travellers.

THE FIREMEN'S REVIVAL STREET SONG.—As a proof of the wide extent of the present religious excitement, it is stated that a few nights since, at a very late hour, a fire company, returning through the streets from a fire, instead of making the usual tumult of such occasions, were marching in military order, singing a revival hymn, the chorus of which contained the word, "Calvary! Calvary!" Is it too much to hope, says the New York *Chronicle*, that God may yet so pour out His Spirit, that on the very bells of the horses, and all the common things of life, shall be found the inscription "holiness to the Lord?" If firemen exchange their nocturnal revels for the songs of Zion, what may we not expect?

HARD TIMES.—The Ericsson steamer excursion to the Mediterranean had been abandoned, not more than half a dozen berths having been taken up for the trip.

NEWS ITEMS.

MEASURING ELECTRICITY.—A Boston (Massachusetts) paper tells us that, a few days since, "a quart of electric fluid descended in New Bedford," knocking down a chimney, &c., &c. It is well known that "Jersey lightning" can be readily measured: but it is not so easy to comprehend how our Massachusetts contemporary calculated his "quart of electric fluid," unless, as a friend suggests, there may have been a lightning-rod on the building struck, with two pints to it.

THE New York Mayor's police did a large business on Tuesday among the policy men. By a concerted plan of action they made a descent upon some thirty different policy shops, and arrested fifty-eight persons altogether. The prisoners were taken before Judge Russell and required to give bail in $1,000 to appear at the Court of General Sessions for trial.

DEATH FROM JESSAMINE FLOWERS.—A child of Mr. Jerod, four years of age, living on Western Branch, in Norfolk county, Virginia, was poisoned some days since by sucking the flower of the yellow jessamine. The little one died in an hour after it complained of being sick.

A FREE negro named Noah Price was convicted at Elizabeth city, North Carolina, on Thursday week, of whipping his wife, whereupon the Judge ordered him to be sold for $150.

ANOTHER TRIAL.—Ten Broeck, the racer, has gone back to England to try his luck once more against the British turfmen. He carries out with him the celebrated South Carolina horse, Charleston.

FLOUR is said to be selling in Knoxville, Tennessee, at one dollar and a half a sack, or three dollars a barrel.

REVIVALS AT THE SOUTH.—The revival of religion is extending widely at the South and West. The system of daily prayer meetings in business hours has been inaugurated in most of the Southern cities. There has been a great increase in church membership, and during the past year the Baptists alone have added over 590,000 members, most of which accession has been at the South.

DAMAGES FOR A DEAD HUSBAND.—On Saturday morning week, in New York, a jury in the Common Pleas awarded a widow woman, named Warner, $3,500 damages against Mr. Nathaniel Wolf, for causing the death of her late husband. Wolf had ordered his coachman to throw the snow from his house, in Twenty-sixth street, and Mr. Warner, who was passing by, received the falling shower on his head, killing him instantly.

ELECTIONS IN IOWA.—In the late county elections in Iowa, the Republicans were generally triumphant.

NEARLY UNANIMOUS.—W. H. Cranston, the American-Republican candidate, was, on Wednesday week, re-elected Mayor of Newport, R. I., receiving every vote but two out of a total of about nine hundred.

MONEY RETURNED.—The Secretary of the Treasury received, on Tuesday week, fifteen hundred dollars, in Treasury Notes, from an unknown individual in New York, who states that he had cheated the Government to that amount during Gen. Pierce's administration.

WRETCHED STATE OF THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.—A California correspondent writes as follows:—"I consider it my duty to state boldly, that the matrimonial market is shockingly dull. The time was when women and all other dry goods, went off rapidly at high figures, But now, even young and tender candidates go off slowly; and as for the older and tougher ones, there's no more show for them than there is for an honest administration of the government of New York."

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis Republican writing from Leavenworth, Kansas, April 12th, says:—"The purchase of animals for the Utah expedition continues to be briskly carried on. There are in the vicinity of the Fort, some three thousand mules, of which some two hundred and fifty are from Tennessee, five hundred from Pennsylvania, and the remainder from Missouri. The price has not yet been permanently fixed, but it ranges to $175 per animal. The buying price for horses average $125. The supply is large, and large numbers of each are continually coming in.

PHOSPHORUS.—M. Chevalier declares that in France, at the present time, phosphorus is the most dangerous form of poison known, having replaced arsenic, which is now so difficult to obtain. He mentions forty cases of criminal poisoning by it.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	104	—
" " '67	114	—
" " '68	114	—
" 5 " '85	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct	95½	96
" " new	100½	100¾
" 5 "	92	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	88	90
Pitts 6 pr ct	80	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" " County "	—	—
All'gy co R R 6's	45	96
Penn		
" 5 "	87	88
" " coupon	90¾	90¾
Tenn 6 pr ct	98	99½
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	102
Missouri 6's	83	85½
Penn R R 6 pr ct	98	99
2d mort loan '83	85	85½
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	79	80
P G & N R R "	50	55
Reading R R "	72	73
" " m'rt "	89	90
" " 6 pr ct '86	93½	97½
Lehigh Val 6's	70	80
Ches Val R R "	30	33
Tioga R R "	90	—
Phil Wil & Bal		
10 R R C pr ct	85½	90½
Long I R R "	77	78
Sch Nav '82 "	59½	60
Lehigh Nav "	92½	93
Mort "	93	100
C & D Ca "	77½	—
Sus & Tid '78 "	49½	50
Union Canal	28	30½
Williams & Elmira		
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	65	65½
2d " 7 pr ct	50½	51
Catawissa "	44	44½
North Pa 6 pr ct	57½	57½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	98	98½
Penna	42½	43
Ros Meadow	13	15½
North Penna	10	10½

	Bid.	Asked.
Phil Ger & Nor	8½	8½
Reading	24½	24½
Minehill	61	61½
Har & Lan	55½	55½
Ches Val	3½	5
Tioga	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	29½	30
Long Island	12	12
Williamsport & Elm	12	13½
Catawissa	7	7½
CANAL STOCKS.

NEWS ITEMS.

EX-GOVERNOR Bashford, of Wisconsin, states that he was offered $150,000 to approve of the first bill reported for distributing the lands granted by Congress in aid of the railroads of that State.

IT is stated that, should the Republicans carry Illinois through the Democratic disagreement there, they will elect one of their own number as Senator in place of Mr. Douglas. Hon. Abram Lincoln is spoken of.

GRAIN PROSPECTS AT THE SOUTH.—A South Carolina gentleman writes from Edgefield, that the wheat and other grain crops never looked better, or bid fairer for a large yield, than they do at present. Should no disaster occur, new wheat may be expected from the South as early as the 25th to the 30th of May next, as it is now heading. The planting season is nearly over at the South; some corn has been worked over; a heavy cotton crop has been planted. The last year's crop of cotton will reach 3 252 300 bales.

JUDGE MCCALEB, in the United States Circuit Court of Louisiana, has decided against Mrs. Gaines on the ground of illegitimacy, and also on the ground of her alleged father's (David Clark) insolvency. The case is to be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

SINCE the Mayor's police squad of New York have broken up the leading lottery and bogus gift swindles in the city, 4,202 letters have been taken from the post office, directed to their assumed proprietors. In these letters was enclosed over $20,000. The letters, as fast as they are taken from the post-office, are forwarded to Washington, to be remailed to their writers.

GAMBLING IN GERMANY.—Prussia is about to make a third attempt to put down gambling throughout the Germanic Confederation, having given notice of a motion in the Frankfort Diet for the compulsory closing of the various casinos, hurssaals, &c., which infest the banks of the Rhine. It is very questionable, however, whether her efforts will be successful. The fact is, the governments that tolerate gambling cannot afford to be moral and abolish it. The casinos are by far their most profitable source of revenue, and the crowds of foreigners they attract enrich the population.

TEMPLE BAR.—The removal of this well-known arch, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, is in contemplation, and as, for many reasons, it would be a pity to destroy it, a suggestion has been made to place it at the entrance to one of the parks, and so preserve the old land-mark.

CANE CIDER.—The Nashville Homestead says that beside the excellent syrup and sugar made from the Chinese Sugar Cane there is yet another article obtained from it which is of pleasant taste, and doubtless healthy in its consequences. It is obtained by putting the expressed juice of the cane into any clean wood or glass vessel, allowing it to stand ten or twelve days, when it assumes the appearance of limpid water, and is fit for use. The flavor is similar to our best cider, and we suppose might be properly called cane cider.—*Southern Cultivator.*

MORE FRAUD.—The publishing offices in the East offering "Golden Prizes" to western editors for advertising are mostly fraudulent institutions, and intended for a sell upon country papers. We have advertised for some of them, and in nearly every case, got cheated out of our pay. This was their fault, but next time it will be our own fault.—*Freeport (Ill.) Republican.*

IT is reported that George Sand, the celebrated French authoress and socialist, has retired to spend the remainder of her days in a convent.

A NICE LITTLE SUM.—It has been shown by official documents that in the banks in the city of New York there are upwards of forty-one millions of dollars on deposit, and the accumulation of unclaimed deposits are said to be between two and three millions of dollars. This large amount has been advertised for many years, but still remains and goes on increasing by the addition of interest. What to do with this money has now become a question of considerable importance.

EARLY HARVEST IN ILLINOIS.—The Chicago Press advances the opinion that the wheat harvest in Southern Illinois will commence at least one or two weeks earlier than in 1857, when new barley from that locality was sold in Cincinnati on the 27th of June, and the wheat harvest had fairly commenced by the 4th of July.

THE Church papers in England are waging a fierce controversy relative to the sort of gloves it is lawful and expedient for a Bishop to wear. At a religious meeting lately, the Bishop of London stood on a platform wearing a pair of bright yellow riding gloves, an act which has scandalized the disciplinarians.

WEALTH OF ILLINOIS.—According to the returns of the County Assessors of Illinois to the State Auditor, the aggregate value of real and personal property in that Commonwealth (omitting several counties not yet received,) amounts to $408,477,367, being an increase of $72 227,240 over the total of the year 1856, or 22 per cent. difference in two years.

BUILDINGS IN OHIO.—Ohio built in 1857, 220 churches, worth $400,000; eight hundred school houses, worth $400,000; twenty county buildings, worth $300,000. The State has nine State buildings, at $4,000,000; two hundred county buildings, at $5,000,000; four thousand churches, at $10,000,000; and ten thousand school houses, at $5,000,000—aggregate value, $24,000,000.

EXPENSIVE ANIMALS.—An exchange says: The Government paid for lithographing and printing in colors a single ox, for the Patent Office Report, $10,576—for a similar service for one bull, $10,576—for a cow, $7 500, and for a horse $5,576; total for the four pictures, $34,228. A number of live bulls, cows and horses could be bought for those amounts.

REV. JOHN LYON, a teacher at Kirkwood, Missouri, having become deeply engaged in religious exercises, continued his fasting and prayer until his health and reason gave way, and he has been taken to the Insane Asylum at Fulton. He had been greatly exercised with the idea that God would do nothing to save men without a certain amount and intensity of prayer on the part of Christians, and his mania now takes the form of a painful conviction that if he stops praying, the Divine government will at once suspend operations, and the universe go to ruin.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of *The Washington States*, Col. Kinney has agreed to settle the Mormons of Utah on the Mosquito coast, and has sailed to Greytown for the purpose of completing his arrangements. The story sounds more like romance than truth, though there have been reports from time to time from Col. Kinney foreshadowing it.

JAMES DEAN is reported to have died of a legacy at St. Louis. He had the misfortune recently to receive a fortune from a deceased relative in England, and lived so fast that he used up himself and the fortune in a few months, leaving his family destitute.

"IT ISN'T ME."—A Washington correspondent writes: There is a funny bit of scandal going here about a certain well-known lady, noted for her exquisite complexion and fine hair. Her room opened on to a passage way, through which a gentleman was passing, as the cry of fire was raised in the hotel. The lady threw up the window and put out her head to see how near the danger might be. What a sight did she present to the astonished friend passing by—as bare hair, sans teeth, sans rouge, sans everything—scarce recognizable, she stood before him—a spectre! "Is that you, Mrs B.?" exclaimed the affrighted looker-on. "No!" shrieked the poor woman, "it is Mrs. A." A few hours later, Mrs. B. left the hotel and Washington for the season.

☞ "AWFUL!"—A new work is advertised under the ominous title, *A Woman's Thoughts about Women.* How could any publisher have undertaken anything so uncharitable?—*Punch.*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 223—Adults 113, and children 110.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There is no export demand for Flour, and the sales being confined to the wants of the trade, who buy moderately within the range of $4,50@4,62½ for standard and good superfine, $4.75@5 for extra, and $5,25@6,50 ₩ bbl for extra fine and fancy lots, as to brand and quality. Standard shipping Flour is offered at our lowest figures, without finding buyers. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are firm, with small sales of the former at $3,25 ₩ bbl. The latter is rather scarce at the same price.

WHEAT—There is very little offering, and prime lots are scarce, and command fully former quotations. Sales include some 1500 bush at 108@112c for fair to prime reds, and 115 to 125c for white; Rye is unsettled, and about 800 bush Penna sold at 65@70c; the distillers are offering the former price. Corn is in moderate demand, with further sales of 4000 bushels, mostly Southern Yellow, at 71c afloat, and 69c in store, including 800 bushels White at 67c. The receipts are light. Oats are steady, with sales of 5000 bushels Pennsylvania at 39@40½c, mostly at the latter price for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and sales are moderate, but the high views of holders has had a tendency to check business within the last day or two, and the market has ruled quiet. Mess Pork is held at $19,50, with small sales. Mess Beef is also firm at $17 ₩ bbl for City Packed. Bacon moves off as wanted, at 11½@12c for plain and fancy Hams, 8@8½c for Shoulders, and 9½@10c for Sides—the latter for prime western. Green Meats are also firm, with sales of 500 casks at 9½@9¾c for Hams in salt and pickle; 7½@7¾c for Shoulders, and 9½@9¾c for Sides, cash and 60 days. Of Lard, the stock is light and the sales limited, at 11½@12c for bbls and tierces, and 13@13½c kegs. Butter has been more active; there is very little Roll arriving, and prices range at 14@18c as to quality; Solid Packed is quiet at 10@12c. Cheese—no change and sales limited. Eggs are plenty at 9c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been quite firm, notwithstanding the unfavorable advices from abroad; and some holders have put their prices ½c ₩ lb on the better grades, which has had the tendency to restrict business. Sales of 700 bales Uplands at 12½@14c, cash, for low grade and middling fair quality. The receipts and stocks continue light.

BARK—There has been a fair inquiry, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 150 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $34,50@35 ₩ ton. Tanner's Bark is very dull at our last quotations.

BEESWAX—Is steady. Small sales of yellow at 30@31c ₩ lb, cash.

COAL—Supplies are arriving forward more freely, both by railroad and canals. There has been rather more demand for the supply of the Eastern markets, but it is not adequate to absorb the receipts, and the trade continues in a very depressed condition. We quote at $3,30@3,50 ₩ ton free on board at Richmond, as the cargo rates for Schuylkill Red and White Ash. There has been nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

FRUIT—Messina Oranges and Lemons sold from the wharf at $1@3,50 ₩ box. Dried Apples at 5½@6½c ₩ lb. Unpared Peaches range from 12 to 14c ₩ lb. for halves, and 18@20c ₩ lb for prime pared. Cranberries continue very scarce.

FEATHERS—Are very dull, and sell only in a small way at 42@45c ₩ lb for good Western.

HEMP—Continues very quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—The stock in first hands is nearly exhausted. 3000 Caracoas sold on terms not made public.

HOPS—Are unchanged, and meet a steady inquiry at 6@9c ₩ lb for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal has been exceedingly quiet, but prices have undergone no quotable change. Sales of No 1 Anthracite in lots at $21 ₩ ton, cash; No 2 at $20; and No 3 at $19, and at 824, $22 and $20, 6 mos. Scotch Pig is entirely nominal in value. A small sale of good Charcoal Blooms at $70, 6 mos. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron are unchanged.

LEAD—There is but little Pig Lead here, and a further advance is now demanded. The last sale of foreign was at $6,12½, cash.

LEATHER—There has been a good inquiry for Slaughter and Spanish Sole, and prices have advanced 1c ₩ lb for the former. Sales of Slaughter at 23@26c, and Spanish Sole at 25@26c.

LUMBER—The receipts of all descriptions have somewhat increased, but the trade opened very slowly. Sales of 50,000 feet Delaware and Virginia Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $13@15; White Pine Shingles at $12; W. O. Barrel Staves at $25; do Hhd do at $40@50; and R. O. Hhd do at $30@35 ₩ M.

TALLOW—But little offering. Sales of City Rendered at 11½@11¾c ₩ lb. cash.

TOBACCO—About 30 hhds Mason county sold on terms kept private.

WOOL—There have been some Eastern buyers in market, and rather more doing this week; the sales however are mostly in a small way, at some little concession on the part of holders, who are more anxious to sell. The particulars of the transactions have generally been kept private.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 1.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy; 8000 bbls sold at $4,15@4,25 for State, $4,40@4,55 for Ohio, and $4,45@4,70 for Southern, a decline of 3c on each. Wheat has declined; sales of 10,000 bus at $1,04@1,18 for Southern red, and 95c for Chicago Springs. Corn declined, sales of 25,000 bus at 69@70c for white, and 72@73c for yellow, a decline of 2c each. Pork dull at $18,80@18,90 for Mess, and $15,25@15,40 for Prime. Lard declined 1c, at 11½@12c.

PROF. WOOD, 312 BROADWAY, is ruining the Hair Dye trade. People will not use dyes when a natural restoration to the original color of the hair can be produced by natural remedies. Dyes are artificial agents, and dangerous in their application, but Wood's Hair Tonic is a healthy stimulant, and causes a healthy growth. A growth of gray hair on a young person's head is unnatural, and to apply a coloring fluid produces an unnatural result; the color is changed, to be sure, but not through the roots of the hair. Ladies, do you see that geranium plant in the window yonder? How yellow and faded it looks? It is alive and growing; yet where is the beautiful, rich, dark green that belongs to it? Gone. You can color those leaves by an external application of chemicals, but they will not remain colored. Do you desire to do it naturally? Make a solution of guano water, apply it to the roots, and the plant will take it up into the system, and then you will see a rich green permanent hue. Professor Wood's Hair Tonic works on the same principle. The roots of the hair drink up that application, and high health and beauty result.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (*Professor Wood's Hair Restorative. Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York*), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—We have tested this medicine and assure our readers that it not only possesses all the virtues claimed for it, but in many instances surpasses any other remedy we have ever known. It should not be classed with the nostrums of the day, got up for the especial purpose of pecuniary profit, but be regarded as one of the standard medicines for the public benefit.—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

WILD CHERRY.—We hear so much said of the wonderful curative power of Dr. Wistar's Balsam, in all stages of diseased lungs, that we feel perfectly safe in recommending it for general use for coughs, colds, bronchitis, &c.

A LADY
WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. MARY E DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent, free, by next post. my1-4t

☞ I WILL CONTINUE TO SEND, through the Post-office, to all parts of the United States and Foreign Countries, as has been done *daily* for the past five years, the genuine article of DUNNO'S CATARRH SNUFF, so justly celebrated all the world over, for its efficacy for Sore Eyes, Deafness, Pain in the Head, and the worst forms of Catarrh.

A single box for thirty-one cents in Stamps, or four boxes to one address for one dollar, postage *pre-paid*, by J. DUNNO, Proprietor, Albany, N. Y., or from FREDERICK BROWN'S, Drug and Chemical Store, N. E. corner Chestnut and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia. ap24-4t

THE LADIES! THE LADIES! THE LADIES!

It is a well established fact, that fully one half of the female portion of our population are seldom in the enjoyment of good health, or to use their own expression "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite. To this class of invalids, the Hoofland's German Bitters are *especially* recommended. Their peculiar tonic and invigorating properties render them invaluable in such cases.

☞ *READ THE TESTIMONY.* ☜

F. M. CHALFANT says:

MORGANTOWN, VA., Sept. 25, 1855.

Ship me immediately 12 dozen German Bitters, and I assure you no medicine that I sell gives such general satisfaction, the demand for it being beyond all precedent. It affords me pleasure to sell a medicine so satisfactory to all. Our physicians no longer scout at it, but are compelled to acknowledge its intrinsic value, and the greater part of them have had magnanimity of soul sufficient to lay aside their prejudices and prescribe it in their practice.

Ask for Hoofland's German Bitters, and take nothing else. They are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, No. 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC PAINTINGS,
BY COOK,
At the Root Gallery, corner of Chestnut and Fifth.

WE WISH to call public attention to another remarkable cure of Epileptic Fits, by Jayne's Alterative. This disease is usually considered incurable; but from the effects of the Alterative in the case of Mr. Ware (whose letter we append) and others, it is evident that this view is not only erroneous, but that in a large majority of cases Epileptic Fits can be cured.

DANVILLE, PA., JULY 5TH, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, PHILADELPHIA:

GENTLEMEN:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your ALTERATIVE. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from RHEUMATISM, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with EPILEPTIC FITS, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the BEST PHYSICIANS, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right side became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm, and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your ALTERATIVE last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have NOT had a *single Fit; the use of my limbs has returned*, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your ALTERATIVE the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

G. B. BROWN,
G. W. FORREST,
THOMAS WOODS,
WILLIAM KITCHEN,
GEO. S. SANDERS,
JAMES M. JONES,
J. B. MOORE.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. ap24-4t

☞ DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.—DR. TRACY DELORME, the great curer of Consumption, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia, that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He was eventually cured by a prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl.—This prescription, given by a mere child, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed once. It is equally as sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia. The ingredients may be found in any Drug store. I will send this valuable prescription to any person on the receipt of one stamp to pay postage.

Address DR. TRACY DELORME,
GREAT CURER OF CONSUMPTION,
New York Post-Office.
ap24-4t

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Gentleman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of nervous suffering, will send (free) to assist others, a copy of the prescription and a supply of the remedy, on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DASNELL, 188 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. ap17-8t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Cookman, Mr. ALAN C ADAMSON, to Miss C. MATILDA T. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. GEORGE CAMPBELL, to Miss JANE FAUERTY, both of this city.

On the 1st Dec. by the Rev. Wesley T. Kenney, Mr. GEORGE W. IRVIN, to Miss ISABELLA LOVE, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev John Chambers, Mr. JOHN C. C. SNYDER, to Miss ELLA E. BROLASKY, daughter of Simon Brolasky, of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOSEPH YOST, to Miss EMMA L. CHIPLES, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. J. A. McKean, JOHN J. BARTHOLOMEW, to Miss EMMA M. ENGLE, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Calhopper, Mr. THEODORE A GILBERT, to Miss MARTHA COX, all of Camden, N. J.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, D. D., WILSON JEWELL, Jr. to HARRIET C. daughter of Lewis O. Howell, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of April, WILLIE TURNER THOMAS, aged 11 months, son of Daniel G. and Josephine H. Thomas, of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. CHARLOTTE BECKENBACH, aged 76 years.

On the 27th ultimo, GEORGE LEIBRICH.

On the 26th ultimo, at Bordentown, N. J., DANL. J WEAVER, aged 56 years.

On the 27th ultimo, SARAH DALBEY, aged 76.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET BROWN, aged 36 years.

On the 25th ultimo, ELIZABETH MCCULLY, aged 31 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. DOROTHEA RODDIN, aged 21 years.

On the 24th ultimo, JOHN A. YOUNG, Sr. aged 71 years.

On the 25th ultimo, RACHEL MASON, aged 63.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. CHARITY TOMLINSON, aged 86 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs JANE MCMASTER.

On the 24th ultimo, JOSEPH J HATCH, aged 36.

On the 24th ultimo, ROBERT B. QUAYLE.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. ANNE, wife of William Erwin, aged 18 years.

JOHN O. MEAD & SONS,
Manufacturers of
SILVER PLATED WARE
OF RICHEST PATTERNS,
Equal in Finish and Style
TO SOLID SILVER,
North-East Corner Ninth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. my1-13t

HORSE-TRAINING.—I will send, by mail, a pamphlet containing J. S. RAREY'S method of Horse-Training, on receipt of 38 cents, or five copies for $1. Address "O. BULKELEY,
1t Box 1983, Cincinnati, Ohio."

FINE ASSORTMENT OF SUPERIOR Watches at reduced prices. Also silver Tea and Table Spoons in great variety.
S. M. HOPPER, 226 Chestnut above Second, my8-2t Philadelphia.

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Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia,
18 SUMMER ST., BOSTON,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will not rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. Circulars sent on application by letter. Agents wanted. my8-13t

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!
AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.—Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. It has no equal on earth. No mother who has ever tried Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children will ever consent to let her child pass through the distressing and critical period of teething without the aid of this invaluable preparation. If life and health can be estimated by dollars and cents it is worth its weight in gold.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and vigor to the whole system.

It will almost instantly relieve griping in the bowels, and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in Children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

☞ None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

☞ Sold by Druggists throughout the world. my8-13t

AN OFFER TO THE LADIES TO SUIT THE TIMES.—THE LADIES' VISITOR, published monthly in the city of New York, is the Cheapest Ladies' Paper in the World! Each number contains an Original Story, the Monthly Fashions, Receipts for the Housekeeper, with other interesting matter. Price for single copy, Fifty Cents a year; but as we wish to put it into the hands of the million, we offer to any lady who will procure subscribers for it, to collect of each subscriber 25 cents, and retain one half of the money for her services. In this manner each subscriber will get the paper at half the advertised rates, and the lady can make from $2 to $4 a day.

It is nearly three years since we commenced the publication of the VISITOR, and during this time many ladies have supported themselves handsomely by canvassing for it. The price is so low almost every one will take it. As no lady who has put forth a vigorous effort has failed of success, it is worth a trial by all females out of employment in these hard times. Specimen copies sent free to any part of the United States. Direct all communications to Miss LAURA J. CURTIS,
my8-4t Care of CURTIS & CO., New York.

LADIES' DRESS TRIMMINGS.
THE CUSTOMERS OF
J. G. MAXWELL & SON,
Will please observe that the
LEADING FEATURE
OF THEIR NEW LOCATION,
AT THE
S. E Cor of ELEVENTH and CHESTNUT Sts.,
(A few doors above their old stand,)
IS THE MANUFACTURE OF TRIMMINGS,
In the spacious UPPER STORIES of the *Store* building. Their best machinery and 100 of their most skillful operatives are there collected.

Ladies dealing with them gain, in better quality or in lower prices, one or two profits over the customers of any other establishment.

Combining a large cash capital, many years' experience, an ever fresh and varied assortment, and the power of making to order at an hour's notice any desired article, they offer to ladies attractions that are not to be found conjoined in any other establishment in Europe or America. ap24-3t

REMOVAL.—JACOB LADOMUS respectfully informs his friends, customers, and public in general, that he has Removed his WATCH and JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT from No. 1112 Market to No. 618 MARKET St., corner of Decatur, where he will keep on hand a larger assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER WARE than heretofore, and which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. Also, particular attention given to Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Musical Boxes,
J. LADOMUS,
ap3-6t 618 Market St., cor. of Decatur

$1,000 A YEAR!! $1,000 A YEAR!!
$1,000 A YEAR. $1,000 A YEAR. $1,000 A YEAR. $1,000 A YEAR. $1,000 A YEAR. $1,000 A YEAR. $1,000 A YEAR. $1,000 A YEAR. $1,000 A YEAR. $1,000 A YEAR.
AN AGENT IS WANTED in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. It is an article of daily consumption, and can be manufactured in the agent's dwelling; secured by copyright; sale as permanent as flour. Address JAMES T. HORNE, Box No. 4,551, New York Post-Office, inclosing one stamp to prepay postage.
ap24-4t

CONJURING!—The whole art of Conjuring made easy—with full instructions for performing nearly Two Hundred of the most astounding and wonderful Tricks of Hocus Pocus, Sleight of Hand, Ventriloquism and Legerdemain. Illustrated with 100 Engravings. Price 25 cents per copy, —sent post-paid by mail. Address
my1-3t C. H. LONG, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

OLD GOLD PENS REPOINTED. Price 50 Cents. Inclose the Pen in a letter with cash or postage stamps; it will soon be returned as good as new.

I have in my possession over a thousand letters, like the one below, which have come to me unsolicited:—

Rochester, Feb. 14, 1856.

Dear Sir:—Yours with Pen came to hand in due time. The Pen is all right. I like it much better than before. Your ob't serv't,
W. J. SPODGARD.

Address D. ELLIOTT,
feb6-26t Syracuse, New York.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG

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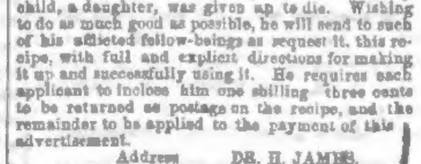

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Wit and Humor.

THE JESTS OF HIEROCLES.

The authorship of these Greek "jeux d'esprim," is generally imputed to a New Platonist, who lived in Alexandria about the middle of the fifth century, and acquired celebrity by his commentary on the Golden Verses of Pythagoras. They were first drawn from the obscurity of the manuscript by Marq. Freherus, Laudenburg, 1605, and have since been printed in several different forms in Leipsic, Paris, and London.

1. A silly fellow having a cask of Aminnean wine, impressed his seal on the orifice. But his servant having bored through it from below, and drawn out some of the wine, the master wondered to see that it had decreased before the seals were broken. "See if it is not drawn from below," said his friend. "You fool," he answered, "the empty space is not at the bottom; it's at the top."

2. Another stupid pedant going out into the fields asked the servant if the water in the well there was good to drink? Being answered that it was, for his parents had drunk of it, he exclaimed, "What long necks they must have had to drink from such a deep well!"

3. A foolish school man being told that crows would live upwards of two hundred years, bought one to try the experiment.

This is obviously the production of a mind similar to that which made up the common story in our own country about the cedar posts that have been again and again proved to be capable of "lasting forever."

So the next strongly resembles the story now imputed to an Irishman.

4. A stupid fellow suffering shipwreck in a storm, when he saw each of his companions embracing some piece of furniture for safety, threw his arms around one of the anchors.

5. A silly pedant wishing to know if he looked well asleep, shut his eyes and looked in the glass.

One of our commonest jokes is told of

6. A silly fellow, who, wishing to learn to swim, was almost drowned. So he swore that he would never touch the water again till he had learned to swim.

7. Another, wishing to teach his horse to live without eating much, gave him no food at all. When finally the horse starved to death, his master said, "I have met with a great loss, for my poor horse died just at the very time that he had learned to live without eating."

8. Another, wishing to sell his house, carried round a stone for a sample.

9. A foolish school man meeting another said, "I heard that you were dead." "But you see I am not," he returned. At that the silly fellow answered, "I would believe the man who told me a great deal quicker than I would you."

10. One of two brothers died, and a foolish fellow meeting the other, asked, "Is it you that are dead, or is it your brother?"

11. A simpleton wishing to cross a river went aboard a ferry boat on horseback. "Why do you do so?" some one asked. "To go quicker," said he.

One or two of the jests pertain more particularly to the life of the student.

12. A foolish scholar, suffering from hunger, sold his books and bought himself a dinner. Writing to his father soon afterwards, he said, "Congratulate me, father, for I have begun to get my living by my books."

13. A stupid fellow's friend wrote to him in Greece to buy him some books. But he neglected to do it until unexpectedly meeting his friend he exclaimed, "I never got your letter about those books."

A few have never appeared in any English dress, so far as we know.

14. A silly fellow meeting his friend exclaimed, "I saw you in a dream the other night." "Pardon me," said the other, "that I did not notice you."

15. A foolish pedant, seeing some sparrows on a tree, crept slyly under and shook it, spreading out his lap to catch them.

16. A stupid fellow meeting a physician exclaimed, "Pardon me, and do not blame me for being so well."

17. A silly "Scholastica" went to visit a sick friend, and asked him how he did. But he was too weak to answer. This made him so angry that he exclaimed, "I hope I shall be sick before long, and I won't answer you if you come to see me."

The examples which we have given afford sufficient evidence of the similar tastes of Greeks in Egypt, and Anglo-Saxons in America, if we may judge by the avidity with which such jests are now collected for newspapers and "Editors' Drawers."—*R. I. Schoolmaster.*

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."—Old Uncle John Jones, who lived in Cincinnati a few years ago, was excessively fond of mint. So fond was Jones of this weed, that he would be sure to obtain the first mint of the season, and proceed at once to have it manufactured into a "julep," which luxury seemed to be his only glory in the drinking line. Jones would indulge in as many as twenty-five or thirty drinks a day during the julep season. In the spring of 1855 Jones did not make his appearance as usual, and the proprietors of the saloons and restaurants, whom he had become quite familiar with, felt anxious as to the whereabouts of their bountiful customer. Upon inquiring, they found that Jones had come to his death during one of the winter months, and feeling as if they owed a little respect to their departed friend, they proceeded to his grave, where, to their surprise, they found the mint had grown all about his grave to the immense height of *from a foot to eighteen inches.*

☞ When the learned pig was in the zenith of his popularity, a wag who attended the performance maliciously set before him some peas—a temptation which immediately caused the animal to lose his cue. The pig-exhibitor remonstrated with the author of the mischief upon the unfairness of the proceeding, when the latter replied that he "merely wished to see *whether the pig knew his P's from his Q's.*"

☞ A coquette may be compared to tinder, which catches *sparks*, but does not always succeed in lighting a *match.*

ANECDOTES OF JUDGE TURNER.

The late Bates Turner, of Vermont, (of whom every fun-lover within five hundred miles has heard, and of whom more humorous sayings are recorded than of any other man in Vermont,) was a witty man, as he was a learned jurist. He had a quick, subtle, and acute mind, with a nervous and very hurried manner; speaking so fast, when talking, that it was difficult for the listener to keep up with his words. He was many years on the bench. On one occasion, a young and zealous lawyer, not over pompous in his allusions to the Court, nor very formal in his manner, was arguing a law question before the Judge, and in the course of his argument, by way of illustration, wished to "suppose a case." "We will suppose, your Honor," said he, "that your Honor were to steal a horse ——" "No! no! no!" interrupted the Judge; "not at all! not at all; 'tan't a supposable case, Mr. S——, 'tan't a supposable case." "Very well, begging your Honor's pardon," proceeded the eager lawyer, with more zeal than prudence, "very well; then supposing that *I* should steal a horse ——" "Ah! yes, yes," said the Judge, "that is a different thing: very likely, Mr. S——, very likely. Proceed, Mr. S——." Mr. S—— proceeded to take a seat, amid the shouts of his brethren, and had the good sense to take the joke in good part, and to repeat it often to his friends. While Judge Turner was in the practice of his profession, he once conducted a petty litigation between two very mean men, about a very small matter, and finally succeeded in *promoting* his case to the County Court, to be heard by a judge presiding therein, who shall be nameless. This Judge, although he had the respect of the bar for his learning and ability, had lost their confidence in his integrity, and was generally deemed corrupt. He was a man of stately, dignified presence, although at times a little "pompious." Mr. Turner's case was laid before his honor, and had been proceeded in far enough for the Judge to catch a glimpse of the nature of it and its litigants, when he stopped Mr. Turner in a very grave, dignified manner: "Mr. Turner, this seems to be a very trifling case: why not advise your client to submit it to the candid, impartial arbitrament of two or three good, honest men, and so not trouble the Court?" "Ah! yes, yes, yes! your Honor," broke in Mr. Turner, in his usual hurried manner, and a sparkling snap of his sharp, "practised eye," as he addressed the Judge, (for whom, by the way, he had not a high regard,) "yes, yes! your Honor, but *this is just precisely one of those cases we do not wish to trouble an honest man with!*" Mr. Turner lost his case. One or two more, and I am done: An empty-headed, conceited brother lawyer once bewailed to Judge Turner that he (the lawyer) could not be translated back to youth, and carry with him all the learning and experience he had acquired during a long practice: "Yes, yes!" said the Judge; "but console yourself that you would carry back a very light pack indeed; hardly worth the journey!" He had a very intimate friend and neighbor, who was very methodical (and withal rather eccentric) in the commonest affairs of life. Among other things, this neighbor had a dog, a fine noble fellow, that was a general favorite, and with whom his master kept a regular and precise book-account, charging the dog with his board, etc., etc., and crediting him with services whenever he rendered any. It so happened that the dog killed a cow, by breaking her neck, for which his master had to pay dearly, and so he killed the dog. Upon examining and adjusting the account with his dog, after his demise, the animal was found to be greatly in debt to his master. Of this he was complaining one day to the Judge in mock-mourning style, when Judge Turner briefly remarked, nudging his friend, "Yes, yes, M——; no knowing how the dog's accounts would have stood if he had only had an *honest* executor!" The dog's estate was speedily settled, and accounts balanced by "profit and loss" account.—*Knickerbocker.*

Agricultural.

HOW TO SECURE A FINE DISPLAY OF ROSES.

To obtain a fine and continuous bloom of roses, is a matter worth striving for. They are always acceptable—winter, summer, spring and autumn. After the proper varieties, highly enriched soil is the main secret to success. Without this, the best kind of perpetuals are little better than June roses. Some may bring forth an occasional flower in the fall, but nothing like a full blow, and the roses themselves small and puny. In new plantations, trench up the ground two spades deep, and work in at least six inches of thoroughly rotted manure. If it makes the bed too high, cart away some of the poorest of the soil. While spading, incorporate as much as possible the manure with the soil. After the ground is thus prepared, leave it till after a rain, if convenient, to settle somewhat, then plant your roses. In doing so, see that it is done properly—that is, the soil well pulverized, and placed completely about the roots. If a choice can be had, select those roses that have been dormant during the winter. You may then expect a most brilliant display at midsummer, after which they will produce occasional flowers until the cool days of fall, when they will prepare to gladden you again with another rich profusion of flowers. In the case of old plantations, or small specimen roses, too large to move conveniently, thoroughly dress them by laying bare their roots, and filling in again with half soil and half rich rotten manure. In case either of these are not done from any cause, the next best thing is to frequently stir the soil during summer, and watering every week when the soil will bear it—that is, when it is not surcharged with water—with liquid manure water. Give a good soaking, enough to reach the roots, when it is done. A very good way to apply artificial manure, is to sprinkle it over the bed just before rain. Guano or fowl dung of any description, is excellent for the purpose. June roses, climbers, and in fact any rose, is benefitted by the above application.—*Country Gentleman.*

Blame one deed of guilt,
How blest is guiltless woe.—*Bulwer.*

EXTRAVAGANCE.

"NOW, YOUNG UNS, CUT AWAY—DARN THE EXPENSE!"

BUTTER-MAKING.

We find in the Maine Farmer a prize essay, by Mrs. H. Winchester, of Brewer, read before the Maine State Agricultural Society, at Bangor, September, 1857. It contains so much information on this subject, that we think its perusal will benefit our readers:

I have been practically acquainted with butter-making for more than twenty years, and hope I shall be able to give some plain directions for making good butter, which will be valuable to young housewives; whilst those who know more about it than I do, will be induced, by my example, to communicate their knowledge to the public for the benefit of others.

I believe it is as easy to make good butter as that of an inferior quality. In the first place, to make good butter, we must have good milk. More depends on the quality of the milk than many would suppose. Some cows give richer milk than others. The cows which give poor milk should be sold to the butchers, and their places supplied by good ones. They should have pure water, and good, rich grasses, or fodder, in abundance, because the milk is flavored by the food. Turnips, or garlic, impart their peculiar taste to the milk, and so do all kinds of food on which the cow feeds, though some taint it more than others. In winter, if cows are fed on poor hay, the milk will be poor, the butter white and of inferior quality. The excellence of June butter is owing to the rich, young grasses which are so abundant at that time. The farmer should see that his cows are supplied with the best of food, if he would have good butter. Corn fodder, carrots, pumpkins, beets, and Indian meal, or shorts, are good for fall and winter feeding.

It is not necessary to say that the milk-room and dishes should be clean; for all admit it. But every one does not know how important it is to have pure air in the dairy-room—to see that it is as far removed as possible from all impure odors, or anything that will taint the atmosphere, and thus injure the butter. The milk-room should be clean, cool, dry, airy, and well ventilated. Flies may be excluded by a wire gauze screen in the windows. The temperature should range from thirty-five to sixty-five degrees, as cream separates best in a cool place. I find that milk which is set to rise in a hot room, will very soon become sour, will not yield so much cream, and will make soft, oily butter, which will soon become rancid. The dairy should front the north, and be shaded by trees so as to admit the light and air, but exclude the sunshine and heat.

I am now using "Davis's Patent World's Fair Churn." I like it because it churns easily, and separates the butter from the milk quicker and easier than any other churn I know of. The churn should not be soaked over night. Put in a quart of boiling water, churn it one minute, then draw it off and pour in a pailful of cold water to remain in the churn five minutes, and your churn is ready to use. As soon as you have done with it, wash it well, dry it, and put in a dry place. Churning should be done early in the morning, while it is cool. Rapid churning is not the best; but if the cream is acid, and of the right temperature, it will require less than half an hour. The temperature of the cream, to churn best, should be sixty two degrees. Cream must be slightly acid before it will make butter; and in cool weather it must be put in a warm place for that purpose. I never scald my milk, or cream, because it gives the butter a flavor which I do not like, and it is useless labor. I use tin pans to set my milk, because they are light to handle, and are easily kept sweet and clean. Milk should be skimmed before it becomes acid in the least degree. The first cream that rises is the best, both in flavor and color. The milk should not be set more than twenty-four hours, and it is better if skimmed in twelve hours, as what little might be lost in quantity would be gained in quality. Recently I measured out sixteen gallons of milk, set it twenty-four hours, skimmed nine quarts of cream from it, and churned nine pounds of butter, thus obtaining nine ounces of butter from a gallon of milk. The cream should be kept in stone or glass jars, or well-glazed or enamelled ware, as the acid corrodes common coarse glazing, and it imparts poison to the cream. Too much care cannot be taken to have our food pure from mineral poisons. I wish our housewives understood this matter better than they do. The cream should not be covered except by a gauze, which will not exclude the air. I put an ounce of fine salt into a three-gallon jar when I begin to fill it with cream, and stir the cream well morning and evening. It should not be kept more than a week.

As soon as the butter has become hard, I draw off the butter-milk, and remove the butter into a long, wooden tray. Then I press out the butter-milk with hard-wood clappers, and mix in, by weight, one and one-eighth ounce of fine salt to the pound. Placing the butter in one end of the tray, which is slightly raised, so as to drain it, I leave it for the salt to combine with it until the next morning. I then work it over thoroughly (but not long enough to heat it, or make it like salve) and mix in two ounces of white sugar to ten pounds of butter. If it is for present use, I make it into balls and stamp it. But if it is intended to be kept for winter, I put it down solid into a jars, sprinkling a very little salt on the surface, and covering it with a thick, fine cloth, put on the lid, and place the jar in a dry, cool place. It is better to fill the jar with one churning; but if not able to do so, pack in each churning solid, and exclude the air till you get the jar full. If it is to be kept a long while, or sent to sea, pour a little melted butter over the top of the jar before you put on the cloth. I have put down butter in this way in September, and kept it till the next June as good as newly-churned butter.

It is very important to have good salt to use, for some salt gives the butter an unpleasant taste, and prevents it from keeping well. I wish it to be noticed particularly that I do not wash my butter, nor allow any water, hot or cold, to be put with the cream to raise or lower the temperature when I churn. It is very injurious to it. It washes out the flavor and sweetness from it, makes it insipid, and turns it rancid. The water which remains in it, injures it more than the butter-milk. I do not believe it is possible to preserve butter well for any length of time that has been washed. Some one should superintend the dairy to see that all is done as it should be.

EARLY CUTTING OF HAY.

I have observed in several agricultural papers, articles enjoining farmers to cut their hay as early as at the time that it comes out in blossom, (or even earlier,) because, it is said, "*if properly cured*, the hay retains its beautiful green color, and the nutritive juices of the plant to a much greater degree than if suffered to stand until the seeds are fully formed."

Perhaps this may be true in regard to clover, but I am satisfied that it is not in regard to timothy or the other "grasses." At all events, my experience is that *green* timothy hay is not as palatable to cattle, nor to stock of any kind, as that which is cut after *the seeds are fully formed*, and indeed so far ripened as to "shell" a *little*, when the hay is "housed."

Some years ago I cut some very good timothy grass before harvest, and before the blossoms had entirely fallen off. It was cured in the very best manner, and placed in a mow to which I could at any time have access. After harvest, and when the seed had become so ripe as to shell out considerably, I cut the same kind of grass in the same field, and placed it in a separate mow. At a favorable time (in the following winter,) for making a fair experiment, I carried out to my cattle, hay from the mow in which I had stored that which had been cut while green, (before harvest,) and fed to each a separate parcel. After they had fairly commenced feeding upon it, I carried to each a parcel of that which had been cut after harvest, and from which the seed shelled when it was handled. In every instance the cattle immediately quit the "beautiful green hay," and ate up, *clean*, that which was cut *after harvest*, before again touching the former. Indeed, in many instances, they threw from their mouths the green hay, the sooner to get at the other. I repeatedly tried the same experiment, and the result was the same in every instance. The reason of the preference shown by the cattle for the hay cut *after harvest*, I suppose to be this; it was much more easily masticated, and sweeter in flavor, than the other: that it retained, in the stems, leaves and *seeds*, all the nutritive matter which it possessed when green, and probably with some additions, derived from the earth and atmosphere, over and above that of the *green* hay.

The green, early cut hay, although it retained its green and beautiful appearance, was *tough* and difficult to masticate; and very probably the *crude* and unelaborated sap acquired an *acid* and *bitterish* taste which was disagreeable to the palate, and deleterious to the health of the cattle. Be this as it may, the experiments fully satisfied me that the cattle were most fond of the later cut hay: that they would eat more of it, and keep in better condition upon it than upon the earlier cut green hay. I have not so perfectly experimented in regard to horses and sheep. But I have observed that they always made the same choice with the cattle, when opportunity offered; no doubt for the same reasons.—*Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

SEED-BALL POTATOES AND THE ROT.—D. P. Dutton, of Watertown, Conn., says:

"As to seed from balls, it is no new theory, but has been started at intervals for several years. Some six years since a few bushels were brought to this town—second year from the balls—in size from a quail's to a hen's egg—nice looking and well flavored. I purchased half a bushel and planted them in a favorable locality. The vines were very thrifty, and the hills set full of tubers, but yet before time to harvest them the rot took them; and although, perhaps, not quite as bad as in some other cases, bad enough, destroying from one-half to two-thirds the crop—and the same was the experience of many others.

"As to varieties, we had a red potato, which found its way here from the northern part of your State, and from Maine and Nova-Scotia, under different names; it is medium sized, rather oval in shape, and of fine flavor, and although not fully proof against the rot, has resisted its ravages longer and better than any other variety."

THE BORER.—Mr. Travis, of Natick, Mass., states that a mixture of one part salt, two parts fresh slaked lime, and two parts of soft soap, applied to the lower limbs and the body of the apple-tree, after first scraping the tree gently, will prevent the borer from depositing its eggs in the bark. It should be applied about the middle of April. He states that the success of this remedy is complete.

Useful Receipts.

THE TOOTHACHE.—"My dear friend," said H——, "I can cure your toothache in ten minutes. Have you any alum."

"Yes."

"Bring it, with some common salt."

They were produced. My friend pulverized them, and mixed them in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powder to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

"There," said he, "if that does not cure you, I will forfeit my head. You may tell this to every one, and publish it everywhere. The remedy is infallible."

It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt, I experienced a sensation of coldness, which gradually subsided, and with it the alum and salt. It cured the torments of the toothache.—*Exchange.*

RUST.—To remove rust from steel, cover with sweet oil, well rubbed on it; in forty-eight hours use unslaked lime powdered very fine. Rub it till the rust disappears. To prevent the rust, mix with fat oil varnish four-fifths of well rectified spirits of turpentine. The varnish is to be applied by means of a sponge; and articles varnished in this manner will retain their brilliancy, and never contract any spots of rust. It may be applied to copper philosophical instruments, &c.; common beeswax rubbed over the barrels of fowling pieces, and afterwards polished by means of a coarse flannel, repels rust. Black lead is used for the above purpose. Brigadier-Colonel Jacob, who lately lost his life before the walls of Delhi, was in the practice of preserving his gun locks as well as his sword blades with a besmearment of mercurial ointment, to prevent the innovation of ferruginous oxide, and found it highly efficacious as a repellent to that corrosive and unseemly objection.

SMALL-POX.—The Bristol Times publishes the following receipt, communicated by a lady, for preventing scars and pits from being left on the skin by small pox:—"When the disease is turning, and the eruption dying away, bathe the marks with tripe-liquor moderately warm, several times in the day, and the effect will be gently to remove the spots, and to leave none or very little appearance on the skin. The liquor may be had at any shop where the tripe is boiled, and will be found very relieving to the patient."

TO COLOR GREEN.—Nellie C. L. inquires for a recipe for coloring cotton goods green. Here it is, and we will warrant it good, as it has been well tried during these hard times when rag carpets are more in vogue than tapestry. To 4 lbs. of fustic take 1 lb. logwood chips—not the extract—and 1 oz. vitriol. Boil the wood until the strength is obtained, then add the vitriol. This solution will color 4 or 5 lbs. of goods. Put in the goods and boil 10 or 15 minutes. Have hot soap-suds ready and wash just as soon as drained. Do not rinse it after washing in the suds.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WHOOPING COUGH.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post furnishes the following receipt for the cure of the whooping cough:

Take the best kind of coffee prepared as for the table, and give a common drink to the child as warm as can be drank; and a piece of alum for the patient to lick as soon as it may wish. Most children are fond of alum, and will get all they need without being urged; but if they dislike it, they must be made to taste of it eight or ten times in the course of a day. It will effectually break up the worst case of whooping cough in a very short time. To adults and children in the habit of taking coffee, the remedy is good for nothing.

PAT'S OPINION OF THE POSSUM.—"Do you know what a 'possum' is?" asks a Jacksonville (Florida) correspondent; "if not, be it known to you that the 'possum' is in size like unto a 'woodchuck,' gray in color, feet like a squirrel, and color like unto a gray squirrel, but a tail long and like a rat's. Again, in this region, we have no animal similar to your gray squirrel but a third larger, and color darker. With this preface, I'll tell a tale, as it was told me, and if not an old Joe, it is a good one. A party of Pat-ricians, who handle the shovel and the hoe on the railroad near here, went out for to hunt, and on their return brought in some fox squirrels, (the above-mentioned.) One 'broth of a boy,' however, had killed a 'possum,' an animal new to them. After several guesses as to the species, a wise one declared it was the 'ould frythen' of the squirrels; it being suggested by a doubter that the tail was bare, Pat quickly rejoined: 'It is his great age do you see, that has made him *bald!*' This proved a clincher, and the problem was solved satisfactorily to the sons of Erin, but the 'darkies' exploded incontinently."—*Knickerbocker.*

The Riddler.

DOUBLE ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 69 letters.

My 52, 3, 4, 8, 52, 9, 59, 2, is a county in Mississippi.

My 67, 7, 44, 37, is a Scripture proper name denoting a sheaf or bundle of corn.

My 7, 50, 52, 36, 59, 56, 45, 52, 18, 66, are powers which it is to the advantage of every one to understand.

My 18, 18, 26, 35, 3, 59, 66, 66, was one of three envoys extraordinary to France in 1797.

My 42, 9, 3, 14, 45, is a Scripture proper name, signifying "My time, my hour."

My 61, 5, 37, 45, 26, 4, 40, 37, 4, is a Latin phrase, meaning by the Grace of God.

My 34, 39, 16, 45, 29, 7, is a simple metallic substance.

My 26, 4, 63, 20, 68, 66, 39, 11, was a Secretary of State, appointed in 1793.

My 2, 14, 61, 54, 31, 16, 55, 47, 8, is a kind of attraction not perfectly understood.

My 28, 66, 27, 25, 60, is a town on the Alleghany river.

My 66, 52, 52, 22, 37, 49, 5, 18, 58, is a short poem by Scott.

My 37, 16, 38, 15, 19, 23, 10, 58, 18, 43, 37, 66, 45, 21, 24, is an essential property of matter.

My 5, 6, 14, 37, 31, 53, is to disappear.

My 13, 46, 2, 58, 45, 4, is one of the asteroids.

My 58, 6, 51, 2, 30, 5, 34, 45, 28, is a place where anything is kept in store.

My 69, 30, 45, 60, 32, 50, 44, gets cheated very often.

My 6, 49, 14, 29, 37, is the French for the "blues."

My 44, 28, 46, 64, 30, 41, 37, 66, 66, 45, 45, 18, 7, 65, was banished by the Puritans.

My 39, 3, 2, 28, is a Greek word, signifying "I flow."

My 17, 18, 33, 14, is to gape.

My whole is a very laconic letter. Acrostically gives the name of the writer, and finally that of the receiver. TOM.

Salem, Ohio.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 21, 14, 8, 20, was a Roman General.

My 6, 4, 10, 1, 18, 14, 15, was a distinguished American orator and statesman.

My 7, 21, 2, 3, 20, 1, was a noted tyrant of the 17th century.

My 13, 2, 21, 1, 12, 20, 6, was one of the first settlers of New England.

My 6, 17, 7, 19, was Governor of Virginia in 1621.

My 1, 7, 5, 2, was a Persian poet.

My 5, 11, 3, 4, 8, was one of the most celebrated artists of the 16th century.

My whole is an English novelist.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* ordained a time of rest,
We now make one of toil;
'Tis bake and scour, and scrub and sweep,
And clear up dust and soil.

My *second* comes, the work is done,
Papa has come to tea,
And in our cosy dining room,
We sit down cheerfully.

Mamma is seated at my *third*,
And breaks the nice fresh roll,
And asks as all her girls are good,
If pa wont get my *whole*.

MARA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To be my *first* 'tis very bad,
Whether in young or old;
And to shun it we'd be glad
To give our stores of gold.

My *second* is a little word—
A pronoun—and much used;
From pompous persons 'tis often heard,
And by them oft abused.

Upon the awful battle-plain,
When the booming cannons roar,
Or when the storm-fiends scourge the main,
My *third's* echoed o'er and o'er.

My *whole's* a grand and noble State,
In the wide, free West;
And the one of this republic great,
In truth, I like the best.

Charleston. T. E. WOODS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a constellation, my second is decay;
My whole's a vegetable: that is all I will say.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

ANAGRAMS

On Towns, Villages and Counties in Maryland.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We mark ten.	To E. N. Abel.
Oh draw.	C. looks vile.
E. M. got money.	Rest Moss.
No bile.	Miss E. W. Trant.

Lisbon, Md. O. C. S.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The money staked by A, B, and C, at a game of hazard, amounted to $150.60. But they happening to disagree, each seized as much of the money as he could. A got an amount unknown; B got as much as A, and $4,50 over; C got a fifth part of both their amounts added together. How much did each get? GEO. W. DUFFIELD.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a wall like a fish? Ans.—When it is sealed.

☞ Over what earthly and heavenly thing does a rainy day exercise the same influence? Ans.—The sun and your boots; for it takes the shine out of them both.

☞ What day of a Spring month is a command to go ahead? Ans.—March 4th, (forth).

☞ Why is a lean dog like a man in meditation? Ans.—Because he is a *thin cur.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The American Revolution. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—General Francis Marion.—CHARADE—Nightingale. CHARADE—Bog-trotter. TRANSPOSITION—Clinton (List, Tin, Ton, Lion, Oil.) ANAGRAMS—Washington, Brigham Young, Money, Addition, Enigma, Weight. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—317 acres and 90 perches.